

№18

5 CENTS.

# FAME AND FORTUNE

STORIES OF BOYS WEEKLY WHO MAKE MONEY.

## PURE GRIT; OR, ONE BOY IN A THOUSAND.

*By A SELF-MADE MAN.*



Eric, taking in the situation at a glance, whipped up his horse. Then he leaned forward and struck at the two men. Brady sprang back to avoid being run down, throwing up his arm to ward off the whip-lash.



# Fame and Fortune Weekly

## STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

*Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1906, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by Frank Tousey, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.*

No. 18

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 2, 1906.

Price 5 Cents

# PURE GRIT;

OR,

## One Boy in a Thousand.

By A SELF-MADE MAN.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE BURNING OF THE LIGHTHOUSE.

Boom!

A dull roar, like the report of a giant rocket, came across the calm waters of the inlet.

"What's that?" exclaimed Eric Gordon, a stalwart boy of seventeen, in a startled voice.

He paused in the act of dipping his oars in the water.

"Sounded like an explosion," replied Will Batterson, his companion, who was steering the small boat in which the two boys were embarked.

"It came from the direction of the lighthouse," said Eric.

"That's what it did," answered Will.

"I wonder what it means?"

"Ask me something easier."

Boom! Boom! Boom!

"There it is again," added Will. "Can it be from a Sound steamer in distress?"

"By the great hornspoon! Look yonder!" cried Eric, excitedly.

A great red flare rose into the night air above the trees which lined the shore close to which the boat floated, and cast a lurid glare upon the surface of the inlet.

"Golly!" ejaculated Will. "Must be a Sound steamer on fire."

"Or the lighthouse on the point," suggested Eric, with a shade of anxiety in his voice, for Andrew Wales, the keeper, was something more than a mere acquaintance of his, while Grace Wales, his pretty daughter, was an object of special interest to the lad.

"May be; but why do you think it might be the lighthouse?" asked Will.

"Because I know there are seven barrels of oil stored in the lower floors. That would account for the explosions we have heard. If the place caught fire, the oil has ignited and gone off."

Boom! Boom!

Two more roars in rapid succession rolled over the water, and a pillar of flame shot into the air fifty feet high.

"It must be the lighthouse!" cried Eric, pulling hard at one of the oars to turn the boat around. "Look how near the light is. If it was the steamer it would be away out some distance on the Sound."

"I guess you're right, old man," admitted Will.

"I'm afraid I am. The lighthouse is certainly all of a blaze, though we can't see it from here."

"You're going back to the point, then?"

"We must. Think of Andrew Wales! He must be in



great danger, if he hasn't already been burned to death. We must save him, if that is possible."

"That's right," agreed Will. "I'm with you, bet your life!"

"Too bad we haven't another pair of oars," said Eric, as he bent down to work with great energy.

"It can't be helped now. Let me know when you feel tired."

It didn't take but a dozen lusty strokes to clear the land in the shadow of which the boat had been when the explosions first attracted the attention of the boys.

When the skiff shot out into that part of the inlet which afforded an uninterrupted view of the point, jutting out into the Sound, on which the small beacon stood, there was no longer room for doubt as to whence the flames proceeded.

It was, indeed, the lighthouse which was on fire.

A truly splendid night spectacle it presented, as the red flames curled about the circular structure and darted high above the glowing lantern, the door and narrow window vomiting volumes of smoke and blazing sparks.

Will Batterson watched the conflagration with fascinated gaze, while Eric, after his first glance, gave his attention resolutely to the work in hand, putting every ounce of power in his muscular arms into his stroke.

The two boys had been out fishing on Long Island Sound that afternoon, and success not crowning their sport until near sundown, they had lingered until after darkness had settled down upon the face of the waters.

Then with a good bunch of fish in the bottom of the boat, they started for home, Eric resisting the temptation to land near the lighthouse and make a brief call on Grace Wales, who kept house for her father in the dwelling a short distance from the tower which held the lantern.

They had got under the lee of the curving bight of land mentioned above when the explosion took place.

"Hello!" exclaimed Will suddenly, pointing in the direction of the shore. "There's a boat yonder, with three persons in it pulling away from the point. They seem to be hugging the shadows."

"Maybe it's Andrew Wales, Grace and somebody else, making for town," said Eric, pausing in his rowing, and looking in the direction indicated.

"No, it's three men. I saw them for a moment in the glare of the light, and I'm certain Mr. Wales is not one of them. Besides, there's Wales and his daughter now, carrying water in buckets and dashing it upon the wall of their dwelling nearest the blaze."

"It's mighty funny those chaps are rowing away from the fire," replied Eric, in some perplexity, as he renewed his work at the oars. "They ought to be doing just the opposite, for Andrew Wales needs all the assistance he can get to save his house."

"It seems to me they're trying to get away as fast as two of them can row the boat. If you want to know my opinion, I think it's mighty suspicious. Who knows but those chaps set fire to the lighthouse?"

"Why should they do that?" asked Eric, startled at the suggestion.

"How should I know? Maybe they had a grudge against Mr. Wales, or the Government, and this is the way they have taken their revenge."

"If we had time I'd like to head them off, if we could, and ask them why they are leaving the lighthouse keeper in the lurch," said Eric, indignantly.

"You couldn't catch them to begin with, for they have two pairs of oars at their disposal, while we have only one."

"I'd like to get near enough to identify them, in case it turns out they are responsible for the fire."

"It's too late to think of that now. You see how far off they are by this time. You'll find, when we land, that those three fellows are at the bottom of all this trouble."

The boys could now hear the clang of the alarm-bell in the distant town of Manhansett.

"The fire department will be down here soon on a naphtha oyster-boat," said Eric; "but they'll never be able to save the wooden lighthouse. In fact, Mr. Wales will be lucky if he saves his dwelling from the fire."

"We'll be at work giving him a hand in just about two minutes," said Will.

Eric made a final spurt, and the boat presently struck bottom and ran up the beach for half its length.

The boys jumped out, pulled it a few feet higher, then abandoned it, running toward the blazing beacon as fast as they could.

Andrew Wales and his daughter were both surprised and pleased to see Eric and Will.

No time was lost in explanations, the lads getting a couple of buckets and joining the effort to save the dwelling, which was smoking in spots under the heat of the near-by flames.

It was mighty hot and laborious work carrying water from the inlet and dashing it upon the roof and endangered side of the building.

Fortunately, a slight change in the direction of the light wind then blowing, veered the sparks and smoke, as well as the trend of the flames, southward.

"I guess the house is safe now," remarked Andrew Wales, pausing to mop the perspiration from his brow. "How came you boys to be on hand at this hour of the night?"

"We were out fishing, Will and I, in the Sound, and had got about half a mile up the inlet when we heard the roar of the first explosion behind us. Will thought the sound came from a steamer, but we knew better when the flames started up in the air. As soon as we got a clear view in this direction we saw the lighthouse a mass of fire from the beach to the lantern, so we started back to help you out if we could."

"You were both very kind to do so," replied Grace, beaming especially on Eric. "You came just in time to be of the most use. I'm afraid father and I could not have managed to save the house alone. We are very grateful to you."

"How did the lighthouse catch on fire?" asked Eric, curiously.



"It's a mystery to me," replied Andrew Wales, scratching his head. "I lit the lamps only a quarter of an hour before the first explosion. Everything was all right then, for I looked in the two rooms below as I made my way down and out before going into the house for supper, which was unusually late to-night, because Grace was absent all afternoon at a friend's house a few miles away."

"Here comes the engine on an oyster-boat," exclaimed Will, at that moment.

The four looked up the inlet and saw a naphtha boat scooting along toward the point at a lively rate, with a hand fire engine and a dozen members of the Manhansett Volunteer Fire Department on board.

"We'll let the fire chaps do the rest, boys," said Andrew Wales; "though I think we've done about all that's necessary."

Eric and Will were glad to be relieved from further work, for they were pretty well used up by their unusual exertions.

They had the satisfaction of knowing that they had done their duty, though the skin on their faces and hands smarted and burned from exposure to the intense heat.

"Gee! I feel like a boiled lobster," grinned Eric.

"Same here," chipped in Will, with a chuckle.

"I'm afraid I must be a sight," laughed the girl, whose cheeks glowed like peonies.

The oyster-boat now came close in shore, the firemen leaped out and waded to the beach, then skids were laid and the engine landed.

"How did it happen, Wales?" asked the foreman of the engine company.

The light-keeper shook his head.

"I wasn't in the lighthouse at the time the fire started. I can't account for it, unless one of the lamps exploded and ignited the building."

"We can't do much good with that fire. The tower is gutted out from cellar to lantern. However, since we've come out here, we may as well put up a good bluff."

Accordingly, in a few moments, a stream was turned on the blazing lighthouse.

"I'd like to ask you a question, Mr. Wales," said Eric, while the four were watching the work of the town volunteer fire department from the door of the house.

"Well, I'll answer it if I can," smiled the light-keeper.

"Do you know of any reason why the lighthouse might have been set on fire?"

What put that idea in your head?" asked the light-keeper at last.

"The reason I asked the question," replied Eric, "was because Will and I saw three men rowing away from the point immediately after the fire started."

"Three men!" ejaculated Andrew Wales.

"Yes. We regarded the circumstance as suspicious. Why should those men be hustling away from the locality when they should rather have been hastening to your assistance?"

"Could you describe those men to me?" asked the light-keeper, anxiously.

"No, sir. We were not near enough to recognize them," answered Eric.

"It was I who first noticed and pointed them out to Eric," interposed Will. "They hugged the shore, as if seeking its shadows; but at one point they came within the glare of the flames, and I should say that two of them appeared to be large men. They were doing the rowing, while a younger and smaller person sat in the stern and steered."

"Your description does not enlighten me much. There is only one man I could suspect in connection with this crime, and he hasn't been seen in this neighborhood for nearly two years."

"Who is that?" asked Eric.

"Edward Ringle, my nephew."

"Wasn't he your assistant here at one time?"

"Yes. He is my dead sister's son, and, I am sorry to say, a thoroughly unprincipled young man. I picked him out of the gutter, almost, in New York, brought him down here, fed, clothed him, and allowed him spending money out of my own small wages, hoping that I might be able to win him from his vicious ways. The return he made for all my kindness was to try, through some political pull he managed to acquire, to have me discharged and himself appointed in my place. He failed. Then he left me, swearing that some day he would get square with me."

"Then it must have been he who——"

"I beg of you, Eric Gordon, and you, too, Will Batterson, not to say anything that will cause suspicion to rest on my nephew," said Andrew Wales, hastily. "I have no knowledge that he has returned to these parts, and if he has I would not want to be the cause of his being jailed on so serious a charge as arson. The Government would have little mercy on him, were the crime brought to his door. Remember, he is the son of my only and favorite sister, and, despite his ingratitude, the ties of blood bid me shield him for his dead mother's sake."

"Of course, Will and I won't say a word about what we saw, if you wish it."

"I do wish it," replied Andrew Wales, so earnestly that both of the boys felt that the light-keeper now more than suspected the author of the destruction of the lighthouse.

"It is too bad," said Eric, sympathetically. "This will deprive you of a job until the Government builds a new beacon here."

"Well, it can't be helped. I dare say Grace and I will

## CHAPTER II.

### THE BLACK SLOOP.

Andrew Wales stared at Eric for a moment without answering.

It was evident that he was startled by the suggestion.

Grace, too, looked troubled, as if some new-born suspicion had entered her mind.



be permitted to live here just the same, and it is possible I may receive some compensation during the time that must intervene until a new lighthouse shall have been erected. At any rate, I shan't worry about the matter. I shall report to the Department that the cause of the fire is a mystery."

By this time the beacon was reduced to a shapeless, smoking ruin, and the firemen desisted from their labor, as all danger of further damage being done by the languishing flames was over.

Andrew Wales thanked the volunteer firemen in the name of the Government.

Two months later the Secretary of the Treasury officially conveyed to all concerned in that affair the thanks of the Department, and at the same time awarded the sum of \$500 to be divided between Eric and Will for their efforts in saving the house adjoining the lighthouse.

Then all hands satisfied their thirst with copious draughts of fresh milk, of which the Wales establishment had plenty, for they kept a cow.

"We can save half the row that's before us up the inlet by attaching our painter to the stern of the oyster-boat," grinned Will. "They'll give us a tow as far as the mouth of the creek, from which point we can pull the balance of the way to Sayville."

"That suits me all right," replied Eric. "I'm not hankering after any more exercise to-night than I can help."

"Those are my sentiments, bet your life!" chuckled Will.

So the two boys, after bidding Grace and her father good-bye, hauled their boat around close to the naphtha craft, and, while the firemen were pushing the engine on board, made fast to her stern-post.

Then with a cheer for the light-keeper and his daughter, the engine started and the boat, dragging the skiff with the boys seated at their ease, started for Manhansett.

Two miles from the town, Eric hailed the man who was tending the naphtha engine, and he shut off the power long enough for the boy to untie his painter.

There was an interchange of good nights and the boys, Will at the oars, headed for the mouth of a creek near at hand.

Sayville, the village where the two boys lived, was about a mile up a narrow river which flowed into the creek, and five miles by road from Manhansett.

"It must be all of ten o'clock by this time," said Eric, as they approached close in to the shore.

"I'll bet it is," answered Will. "My father will be waiting for me with a club."

"Not as bad as that, I guess," laughed Eric. "Anyway, you've got a good excuse in the lighthouse fire."

"Sure thing," grinned Will. "But I won't get more than a cold bite for supper, that's the worst of it."

"Mother always manages to keep something warm for me, no matter how long I stay out," said Eric.

"You're lucky," replied Will, as the boat shot into the creek.

"Hello!" exclaimed Eric. "There's a sloop anchored in here."

"Whereabouts?" asked Will, whose back was turned to the direction they were heading.

"We'll pass her in a moment, close enough to toss a biscuit on board. She's as black as the ace of spades. I just observed her by chance."

"I wonder what she's doing in here?" said Will, pausing to look around at the strange craft which lay like a phantom on the sluggish surface of the creek.

"I don't know that it is any of our business," replied his companion. "All I know is she wasn't here at one o'clock when we passed out this way."

"No, or we'd have seen her."

"Rather odd to bring a craft to anchor in the creek, where the wind is cut off by all those trees, when she could lie just as snug anywhere along the inlet."

"It is rather singular."

The skiff was now abreast of the black sloop, and was slowly drifting by her, Will having stopped rowing to look at her.

There was not a sign of life to be noticed aboard of her.

"Gee!" cried Will, in a low tone, "she looks like one of those ghostly vessels I've read about in novels."

"That's right," agreed Eric. "Look out she doesn't vanish before your eyes, Will," with a quiet chuckle.

"P'raps I'd better touch her, to see if she's real," snickered his friend, working one oar so as to bring the skiff close alongside of the strange boat. "Yes, she's solid enough," he added, as he laid his hand upon the black hull.

"If she was only bigger, and had raking masts, we could make believe she was a pirate, couldn't we, Will?"

"And we a couple of Uncle Sam's middies about to lay aboard of her."

"A pair of midshipmen can capture any pirate, if they happen to be the heroes of a story book."

"Sure they can. Why I read in a novel how a middy and eight sailors in a boat boarded and captured a French privateer manned by 180 men, and the Frenchmen gave them a warm reception at that."

"Say, I think you can talk better than you can row to-night. Give me the oars and I'll pull the rest of the way up the river."

The boys exchanged places and presently left the black sloop far behind.

It was a quarter past eleven when Eric entered the kitchen of his home.

The house stood by itself under the shade of a wide spreading elm tree on the one street the village of Sayville boasted.

The front was fitted up as a general store, and was presided over by Mrs. Gordon, who was also the postmistress of the place and for the immediate neighborhood.

Packages were accepted here for delivery to the American Express Co.'s agent in Manhansett, or, for that matter, to any body within a radius of ten miles or so.



It was Eric's duty to open the store at seven in the morning and close it at night.

He carried the Sayville mail-bag to the Manhansett post-office morning and afternoon, and, after transacting such other business as fell to his lot, returned to the village with the mail for that place.

For that purpose he used a big covered wagon and a mare, which, though she had seen better days, was still active and efficient.

When not otherwise employed, Eric waited on customers of the store.

On this particular afternoon he had arranged with another boy to make the second trip to Manhansett, so he could go fishing with Will Batterson, his chum.

He had told his mother that he would surely be home at eight o'clock, and she put his supper in the oven to keep warm.

When he hadn't returned by nine, Mrs. Gordon grew a bit anxious.

Ten o'clock came, and then eleven, without him, and she began to fear that something had happened to him.

She was on the point of putting on her things and going over to the Battersons to see what they thought about the situation, for she knew Eric had gone off with Will, when his familiar knock came at the kitchen door and she ran to admit him.

"Why, Eric, I've been just worried to death! What could have detained you?" she cried, with motherly solicitude.

"Well, mother, I'm sorry to cause you any worry," replied the boy, patting her affectionately on the cheek; "but the fish wouldn't bite soon enough for one thing, and then the lighthouse on the point caught fire——"

"Was that the cause of the explosions and the light I saw in the sky?"

"Yes, mother. It was entirely destroyed."

"Why, how did it occur?"

"I couldn't tell you. Even Mr. Wales himself doesn't know for certain how it did catch fire. We were not more than three-quarters of a mile inside the point when we heard the explosion behind us. Will thought it was some steamer on the Sound, letting off signal rockets, but when we saw the blaze we guessed it was the lighthouse. We soon found it was, and rowed back to give Mr. Wales and Grace a hand in saving their dwelling."

"And did you save that?" asked Mrs. Gordon, with some concern.

"We helped to. About the time the danger was practically over, an oyster-boat came out from Manhansett with the fire engine on board, and the firemen finished up matters all right. All this took time, mother, and so now you understand why I am so far behind time."

"Well, my son, I'm glad you were able to make yourself useful in a good cause. This is quite a misfortune for the Wales's, and Grace is such a dear, sweet girl."

"That's what she is, mother," chimed in Eric, emphatically.

Then the boy sat down and ate his supper, and shortly after both retired for the night.

## CHAPTER III.

CLARENCE CHUDLEIGH.

Eric Gordon had just returned from his first trip to Manhansett.

It was half-past nine by the clock in the store on the morning following the destruction of the lighthouse, and the day was Saturday.

He had turned the horse loose in the big grassy yard behind the stable, distributed the mail in the various pigeon-holes in the little nook in the front part of the store devoted to the postoffice department, and there being no customers on hand to be waited on, he had perched himself on a stool with his back to the door, absorbed in a copy of that week's Manhansett News, fresh from the press, when Clarence Chudleigh, the sixteen-year-old son of Squire Chudleigh, lawyer and justice of the peace for Sayville, walked consequentially into the place.

"I'll take our mail, please," said Clarence, in a lofty tone.

He was the best-dressed boy in the village, and, as his parents were the most important persons in that immediate locality, he had a very considerable opinion of his own sweet self, and not a little contempt for those whose worldly position was on a lower plane than his own.

As he looked upon Eric Gordon as a poor boy, who had to work for his living by tending store and driving the express and mail-wagon to and from Manhansett every day, the young Sayville aristocrat, as he was pleased to consider himself, did not regard Eric as a proper person to associate with.

Still it pleased him to talk with the store boy occasionally when he felt in the humor of impressing Eric with a sense of his inferior position in life.

On this occasion, Clarence had a new suit on and carried a dapper little cane in his hand, for he was going to Manhansett with his father in the family buggy.

Eric, at the moment, was deeply interested in the story of the burning of the lighthouse on the point, the account of which the editor had gathered from interviews with some of the volunteer firemen who had officiated at the conflagration, and as Clarence didn't happen to speak very loud, he failed to notice his entrance or hear his request.

Finding that Eric Gordon paid no attention to him, Clarence got a bit warm under the collar.

He rapped the counter smartly with his little cane, and snorted:

"See here, you store boy, are you going to wait on me?"

This time Eric became aware of his presence, turned around quickly and said pleasantly:

"What can I do for you, Clarence?"

"Why didn't you wait on me at once?" demanded young Chudleigh, indignantly.

"That's what I'm doing, isn't it?" said Eric.

"No, it isn't," replied the young dude, sourly. "I came



in here two minutes ago and asked for our mail, and you paid no attention to me."

"I'm sorry if I have kept you waiting," replied Eric, with just the suspicion of an amused smile about the corners of his mouth. "But if you spoke before I didn't hear you."

"It's your place to hear me. That's what you're here for. It seems to me you put on a good many airs for a store boy," contemptuously.

"I wasn't aware that I put on any airs," replied Eric, quietly.

"Then why don't you hand me our mail?" said Clarence, rudely.

"Certainly," answered Eric, reaching for a well-filled pigeon-hole and laying the contents thereof before Chudleigh.

"Do you expect me to carry them in that loose way?" snarled Clarence, in a disagreeable tone.

"What do you wish me to do? Tie a string about them?" suiting the action to the word. "There you are. Is that satisfactory?"

Clarence didn't thank him for his courtesy, but simply tossed a written slip on the counter in a supercilious way, saying:

"Fill that order for groceries and take them to the house as soon as possible. Do you understand?"

"I'll carry them around in an hour," said Eric, calmly.

"See that you do," said Clarence, pompously. "By the way, give me ten two-cent stamps and five ones, and don't be all night about it, either."

"You seem to be in a hurry."

"I like to be waited on promptly. If you intend to be a store clerk the rest of your life you want to learn not to keep customers waiting."

"I thank you for your advice, Clarence, but I hope to be something better than a store clerk one of these days."

"Do you," sniffed Chudleigh, leaning one elbow negligently on the counter and twirling his cane in what he believed to be the most approved style.

"I suppose you wouldn't care to go into a store yourself, when you get through schooling?" asked Eric, smiling.

"Me go into a store," cried Clarence, scornfully. "You have a lot of nerve to suggest such a thing. When I graduate from the Manhansett Academy I'm going to college. Then, maybe, I'll take a trip to Europe before I start in to study law."

"You mean to be a lawyer, then?"

"Of course. I can be anything I want. My father is rich," said Clarence, elevating his chin. "Of course, you don't expect to be much, because you're a poor boy."

"That doesn't follow. Many of our wealthiest and most respected citizens were poor boys once," said Eric, earnestly.

"Times are different now," asserted Clarence, with an air of conviction. "The rich are getting richer and the poor are growing poorer, so my father says, and I guess he knows. I'm glad I'm going to be rich," he added, com-

placently. "I should hate to be poor and have to associate with common people."

"It would be rather hard—on the common people," replied Eric, dryly.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Clarence, suspiciously.

But just then a little girl walked into the store and asked Eric for a quart of molasses, so he was relieved from the necessity of explaining his remark.

Though Clarence was curious to know the hidden meaning in Eric's reply, he considered it much beneath his dignity to hang around the counter until the store boy was disengaged again, and so he took his leave, strutting out as if he owned half the village.

Several people now came in for their mail and to make purchases, or get a novel, for Mrs. Gordon kept a small circulating library, in the shape of a case of fifty books in popular demand, which collection was changed every few months by the firm in New York which furnished them.

Among others who dropped in was Will Batterson, who came for the copy of the Manhansett Times to which his father subscribed.

Eric happened to be idle when his chum entered the store, and, after the usual greeting, pointed out to him the account of last night's fire at the point.

"Ho!" exclaimed Will, after reading it, "I don't see our names mentioned to any alarming extent, and I rather guess we helped save Mr. Wales's dwelling all right."

"Well, you see, we're only boys, and the editor must have overlooked us," grinned Eric.

"Oh, I don't know," snorted Will. "Boys can do a heap sometimes when they get busy."

"I agree with you there."

"Bet your life we can. I've got a nickel in my clothes to bet that there isn't much Clarence Chudleigh thinks he isn't capable of doing."

"He was in here a few minutes ago."

"Was he? That dude makes me sick. Thinks he's superior to any other boy in the village, 'cause his father is well off and is justice of the peace. What did he have to say?"

"Nothing worth repeating," replied Eric, picking up the Chudleigh order, which he had laid aside, and starting to get the goods out.

"I say," said Will, "you're going to the picnic this afternoon, aren't you?"

"I mean to, if I can get any one to look after the mail."

"Can't you get Morrison to make the trip again to-day?"

"I'm afraid that would be imposing on good nature. It was very good of him to help me out yesterday, otherwise I couldn't have gone fishing with you. Besides, he may want to attend the picnic himself. He belongs to the Sunday-school."

"You've got to come, if you can manage it at all. All the girls expect to see you there."

"Do they?" grinned Eric.



"Sure. At any rate, Grace Wales will be there all right."

"Maybe not, after the fire."

"What has the fire to do with her? They weren't burned out. Now, I've got a particular reason for wanting you to be on hand."

"What is that?" asked Eric, curiously.

"I shall probably want you to take my place in the boat race."

"Take your place? How is that?"

"I sprained one of my wrists a bit this morning, and if it isn't in first-class shape by three o'clock I shan't go in against Clarence and the others. You can enter yourself at the last moment and use my boat."

"I shouldn't think you'd let any chance slip by you to win that \$10 prize."

"Unless I'm in prime condition, there isn't any use of my competing. Clarence is about as good as I am, and he's got a better and faster boat. He's sure to win if I have to drop out, unless you step into my shoes."

"How do you know I can beat Chudleigh? He's been practicing ever since the contest was announced. He's not so bad, either. I was watching him on the river the other evening, and he seems to have speed."

"He has a big advantage in the boat, which is practically new and a first-class article; but, of course, that can't be helped. I am confident you can outrow him on the lake, where the picnic will be held. At any rate, it will give me a heap of satisfaction to see him taken down a peg or two. He thinks he's the whole thing."

"Well," replied Eric, with sparkling eyes, "I wouldn't object to taking a shy at that tenner. It would come in handy if I was fortunate enough to win it. I'll have a talk with mother, and see if I can get off."

"That's right," answered Will, in a tone of satisfaction. "I'll be around after you by half-past twelve at any rate."

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE BOAT RACE.

A Sunday-school of Sayville had arranged to have their annual picnic on the shore of Placid Lake, a small and charming sheet of water two miles distant from the village, and a large attendance was expected.

A number of "events" were on the programme for the afternoon, chief among which was the boat race—a competition in which four boys, who were the fortunate possessors of good rowboats, had entered for the prize of \$10, donated by the superintendent.

Clarence Chudleigh was the first to send in his name.

He owned the finest boat in the neighborhood, and constant practice had made him quite a fair oarsman, though whether he possessed the strength and vim to cover a half-

mile course and return, under exciting conditions, was another question.

In his own opinion, he believed he was a sure winner.

The only competitor he feared at all was Will Batterson; but after having had one of his cronies time Will on the sly during one of his practice spins on the river, and finding the record not equal to his own performance over the same course, Clarence became confident that the \$10 gold piece was as good as in his pocket.

Not that he really cared for the money so much, though of course, it would be a welcome addition to his liberal supply of pocket money, but what he craved was the glory of being looked upon as the champion oarsman of Sayville.

Eric Gordon would have entered for the race if he had owned or could have hired a really good boat for the occasion, also provided he could have found some one to fill his place on the mail wagon—for that was a duty which had to be attended to, rain or shine.

He had a natural love for the water, and this, of course, meant that any thing in connection with boats was right in his line.

He could sail a catboat with uncommon skill, in all kinds of weather, while, as for rowing, he was there with both feet—having watched the performances of experts in Manhasset Bay many a time, talked with them on the subject and profited by what he thus acquired.

Physically he was well fitted for the task of driving a rowboat at good speed for a considerable distance.

Inability to enter the competition for the \$10 prize had been a source of great disappointment to him; therefore, the reader can imagine his joy when Will Batterson signified his probable intention of withdrawing in his favor and loaning him his boat.

Promptly at half-past twelve Will drove his father's light wagon, with his boat in it, up to the postoffice and general store.

This time he had an arnica-soaked rag bound about his right wrist.

"Well, are you coming?" he asked, as Eric appeared at the door with his hat and best clothes on.

"Yes," replied his chum, cheerily. "Morrison isn't going to the picnic, and has promised to look after the mail again this afternoon, so I'm free for the rest of the day."

"That's prime," said Will. "It's up to you to win that race this afternoon, for I'm out of it for fair. Why, I can hardly hold the reins with that hand."

"Is that a fact? How came you to do it, anyway?"

"I tried to be funny this morning. Turned a couple of handsprings, to show Beasley how well I could do them, when—well, what's the use of talking, I threw my weight on my right wrist accidentally and it turned on me."

"It's too bad. I'm sorry you're out of the race, though I won't deny I'm just tickled to death at the idea of taking a hand in it myself."

"Next to myself, I'd sooner see you win than anybody else. I guess you know that. From what I've seen you do



in the rowing line, I think there isn't the least doubt but you'll come in first."

"I hope so."

"It will be a disagreeable surprise for Clarence if you do. He's been telling all around the village that he's got a mortgage on that tenner. It will knock some of the conceit out of him if you do him up."

Most of the young people were already on the ground when Will and Eric drove up to a shed where a number of buggies and wagons were hitched.

Lifting the boat out of the vehicle, the two boys carried it down to the little wharf close by, launched it, and then tied the painter to a ring-bolt.

Clarence was already afloat in a gaudy sweater, pulling leisurely about with a couple of girl passengers.

His purpose was to show off and gain the admiration of the crowd, though he pretended not to notice that any one was looking at him.

The race had been announced for three o'clock.

At half-past two Eric walked down to the wharf, pulled off his coat, and stepped into Will's boat.

He intended to warm up preparatory to the real business before him.

Chudleigh had come ashore and was standing on the wharf with a couple of his cronies.

"Here," he exclaimed, authoritatively, "don't go off in that boat, Eric Gordon."

"Why not?" asked Eric, smiling, as he leaned forward to untie the painter.

"Because I tell you not to. Isn't that enough?" snorted Clarence.

"Excuse me, but this boat belongs to Will Batterson."

"I know it does."

"And I have his permission to use it."

"You have like fun," replied Clarence, incredulously. "Don't you know he's going to use it presently in the race which comes off in less than half an hour?"

"Don't you worry about that."

"Did he really say you could use it for a while?"

"That's what he did. I want to practice a bit before I start in the race."

"What's that?" cried Clarence, in surprise. "You start in the race. I guess not."

"What's the reason I won't."

"You haven't any boat."

"What's the matter with this one?"

"That's Batterson's."

"Well, I'm going to take his place. He's hurt his wrist and can't row," said Eric, coolly.

"I don't believe it," retorted Clarence, with a frown.

"Go and ask him, or Mr. Brown, the superintendent."

"What are you giving me, anyway, Eric Gordon?"

"Nothing but facts. You're at liberty to verify them."

Thus speaking, Eric pulled away from the wharf.

Chudleigh made it his business to hunt up Will Batterson right away.

He saw the cloth about Will's wrist.

"Aren't you going to take part in the race?" he asked.

"No; I've hurt my wrist."

"Ho!" sneered Clarence. "A poor excuse is better than none. You're afraid I'd make you look like thirty cents."

"Oh, I don't know. You aren't the only pebble on the beach, Clarence Chudleigh, if you have got the best boat."

"I'm going to win that \$10 just the same," replied Clarence, complacently.

"Yes, you are, I guess not," chuckled Will.

"Who's going to stop me?" said Clarence, much nettled that his ability to win should be doubted.

"Who? Why Eric Gordon for one."

"He's going to take your place, is he?"

"That's what he is."

"I never heard that he could row to amount to anything."

"What you don't know would fill a pretty big book, Clarence," grinned Will.

"You're awful smart," replied Chudleigh, going off in a huff.

At three o'clock almost everybody lined up along the lake as close as possible to the starting point, which was also the finishing line.

The half-way mark was indicated by a small skiff manned by one of the boys, which was moored about half a mile down the lake.

There were four competitors who drew for choice of positions.

Clarence, with a smile of satisfaction, got the inner one, while the short end of all came to Eric, who had to take the outside.

Chudleigh, therefore, had all the advantage, and being recognized as a good rower was first favorite when the signal to go was given by Superintendent Brown.

The four boats went off like one, but in a very short time Clarence was seen to be forging to the front.

He was very much excited, and, being ambitious to win by as large a margin as possible, was pulling a rapid stroke—in fact, was overdoing things at the start, which showed very poor judgment on his part, and was liable to jeopardize his chances of winning.

The next two were pretty evenly matched, but, on the whole, were overexerting themselves, also, in order to match the pace set by Clarence.

As for Eric, he started off with a long, steady stroke, and maintained it even when he saw he was falling behind.

Chudleigh chuckled to himself when he saw he was pulling slowly but surely away from the rest of the bunch.

"Ho! I knew they wouldn't be in it with me. As for that store boy," he added, contemptuously, "he isn't so much, after all."

Clarence swung around the half-way boat with a comfortable lead, while his rivals seemed to be struggling hopelessly in the rear.

Eric saw a chance to get the inner track of the other two at this point and at the same time save the extra exertion of a wide turn.



So he put on a little steam, increased his stroke by two to the minute, which gave a lead sufficient to enable him to safely and squarely cut across the bows of the others.

Clarence observed the spurt, but it didn't worry him a little bit.

"I'm two lengths ahead and I'm going to make it three right here."

But he didn't, though he tried to row a quicker stroke still.

The fact was he had reached the end of his powers and was absolutely at Eric's mercy, if the boy was able to take advantage of the situation.

Eric, however, didn't try for a little while, but dropped back to his former stroke, which was carrying him along easily, and at a speed which even then was beginning to tell on Chudleigh's lead.

Clarence was presently compelled to ease up.

He was quite blown and suffering some distress.

Then the spectators along shore saw Eric close up the space between the two boats.

Eric had got within about three-quarters of a length of him before Clarence began to realize that he was losing ground.

Then he tried to make a grand effort, for they were nearing the finish line.

But it wasn't in him.

Eric, as fresh almost as when he started, now got down to business, and when he ran his stroke up to his limit, he went by Clarence as though the young aristocrat was anchored to the bottom.

There was cheering galore when Eric crossed the line three lengths ahead of his chagrined rival, and the person who made the most noise was Will Batterson, who would have stood on his head from very glee, if his wrist had not been injured.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE OLD GARDNER HOMESTEAD.

Eric's victory was rather a surprise to the spectators, most of whom had been confident that Chudleigh would win.

"Allow me to congratulate you, Master Gordon," said Superintendent Brown, taking Eric by the hand. "The honor of presenting you with the fruits of your success has been delegated to Miss Grace Wales. If you will step on the platform, the ceremony will be gone through with."

The boy would rather have been excused from being made the mark of a hundred pairs of eyes, but there was no help for it.

Blushing as if he had been guilty of some wicked deed, Eric Gordon mounted the low platform provided for danc-

ing purposes, and approached the smiling Grace, who held a crisp, new ten-dollar bill in her shapely hand which it was her duty to present to the winner of the boat race.

The picnickers gathered around in a deep semi-circle and focussed the handsome pair with their interested eyes.

"Eric Gordon," began Grace, "you have won the boat race, and now it gives me great pleasure to hand you the prize of ten dollars."

She held it out to him.

"I thank you very much, Miss Grace," he blurted out, as he accepted it, with his eyes on her fair countenance. "Also Mr. Brown. I can only say that I tried my best to win for the honor of the thing, and am very glad I succeeded."

"Three cheers for Eric Gordon!" sung out Will Batterson.

The cheers were given with much vim, and that concluded the ceremonies.

"I told you you wasn't the only thing in sight," grinned Will, a little while after, when he met Chudleigh chewing the cud of disappointment in company with a brace of his own particular chums.

"Ah, go chase yourself," snarled Clarence.

"You, acknowledge that you were fairly beaten, don't you?"

"No, I don't."

"What excuse have you to offer for not winning?"

"I wrenched my shoulder-blade in starting off, and it handicapped me."

"Oh, you did?" grinned Will, incredulously.

"Yes, I did," replied Clarence, sourly.

"A poor excuse is better than none," snickered Batterson.

"Do you mean to say I lie?" demanded Clarence, in a threatening tone.

"No, but I think you are cutting the truth right down to the quick."

"What do you mean by that?"

"If you aren't bright enough to read between the lines I'll never tell you."

"I wouldn't be so cocky, if I were you," snorted Clarence. "You don't want to overlook the fact that my father holds a mortgage on your father's house."

"You're a gentleman, you are, I don't think," retorted Will, turning away in great indignation.

Eric got back to the house about six o'clock.

He found his mother entertaining a couple of visitors in the little parlor off the store.

They were two old maid sisters, nearly sixty years of age, who lived with one very small female servant in an old-fashioned mansion, of ante-Revolutionary days, about a mile outside of Sayville on the county road.

Their names were Phoebe and Priscilla Gardner.

They were the descendants of one of the earliest settlers of Long Island.

Their father had been a wealthy and prosperous farmer, and he had left his two girls well provided for life.

They owned many well-kept farms in the neighborhood,



from which they received comfortable rentals, usually in cash.

They also were reputed to possess a quantity of gilt-edged bonds stored away somewhere in the old house, as checks for the semi-annual interest were known to reach them with unfailing regularity.

At any rate, they had a considerable sum of ready money, for which they seemed to have no use, on deposit in the Manhansett National Bank.

Many people had the idea that the old maids distrusted banks and kept their money on their premises; but this was not so.

It happened that a considerable sum of money—a matter of \$1,500—had been paid to the old ladies that afternoon by a farmer who had received a windfall and used a portion of it to liquidate a mortgage held on his farm by the Misses Gardner.

He had ridden over and paid them in gold and bills, and Miss Phoebe and Miss Priscilla were much embarrassed by the possession of so much cash, which they foresaw they would not be able to bank before Monday morning.

They had a confirmed horror of the house being entered by burglars and their possessions looted past recovery.

The fact that quite a number of houses along the north shore had been entered by thieves of late, and many articles of value carried off, further impressed them with a sense of their lonesome and almost helpless position on the outskirts.

But the unexpected acquisition of so much money capped the climax.

So, after putting their heads together, they decided to call on Mrs. Gordon, the postmistress, and beg her to permit her stalwart son, Eric, whom the two old ladies knew well and liked very much, to come out to the mansion and remain with them as a protector until Monday.

"I shall be glad to oblige you, if Eric is willing," replied Mrs. Gordon.

It was at this point Eric made his appearance, and having been consulted on the subject expressed his readiness to oblige the old sisters.

Mrs. Gordon prevailed on them to stay to tea.

At the conclusion of the meal, Eric got in their double-seated buggy and drove them out home.

As matters turned out, it was a lucky thing, indeed, that the sisters managed to secure the brave boy to stand guard, as it were, over their lonely home, for it happened that during their conversation with Mrs. Gordon a stranger had entered the store unobserved and had managed to overhear all they said about the money which had been paid to them that afternoon.

He was not an honest man, as events demonstrated, for he quickly made his way to a small black boat which had brought him up the river to Sayville and rowed back to the creek with all speed.

He boarded the black sloop, which still lay at anchor in the same spot where Eric and Will had noticed it the pre-

ceding night, and was received on board as one who had a right there.

He called the two men who were lounging on deck into the small cabin, and for the next half-hour was in close consultation with them.

About nine o'clock that night the man in question, accompanied by one of his associates, left the black sloop in the boat and pulled up the river in the direction of the village.

Eric had often visited the Gardner homestead, as it was called, with mail matter for the two sisters, as the mansion was on his daily routes to Manhansett; but he had never stopped more than a few minutes at a time, though the Misses Gardner had frequently tried to press their hospitality upon him.

They had a very high opinion of the bright boy, and often made him such small presents as they felt he would accept for kindness in bringing them their mail.

Now that he was going to remain at the mansion for two nights and a day, Eric began to have some curiosity as to what the old place really looked like inside.

As soon as they drove into the yard, Eric helped the small servant unhitch the mare and put her in the stable.

Then he backed the buggy into its place in the barn.

Having nothing further to do in that line, he entered the house and found the two old maids upstairs in their sitting-room.

The three conversed pleasantly for about an hour, then Miss Priscilla, the senior sister, showed Eric to the room he was to occupy.

It was located in the L at the rear of the building—a square, nicely-furnished room with two windows, one of which was shaded by a venerable oak tree, whose gnarled and stout limbs beat against that end of the mansion when the wind was high.

There was no wind this night, however, and a great bunch of leaves and twigs lay motionless against the window pane.

As Eric looked out, he could see the rising moon indistinctly through the thick foliage of the oak.

There was a chimney and an open grate in the room.

Above the mantelpiece, which was ornamented with a large shell from the South Seas, flanked on either side by a pair of tall, ancient-looking candlesticks of bronze, hung a stout musket and powder-horn which had been used in the Revolutionary War by the Misses Gardner's grandfather.

Eric had a weakness for guns, so he made bold to take down the old-time musket and examine it.

"This looks to be in pretty good condition," he mused. "I wouldn't mind going squirrel-hunting with that. It isn't a bit rusty, but needs a little oiling up to make it serviceable. I wish it belonged to me."

He lifted the powder-horn and found it was tolerably heavy.

Tipping it up and pushing the brass clasp which covered the vent, a little stream of powder ran into the palm of his hand.



There was a bag, too, containing half a hundred of home-made bullets.

"Well," he said, half aloud, as he hung the gun up again, "if a burglar comes this way while I'm here I may be able to give him a warm reception; that is, if this old shooting-iron doesn't explode or kick my shoulder out of joint."

He said this in jest, as he hadn't the least idea that the house would be bothered by gentry of that sort.

All the same, it is the unexpected which most often happens.

## CHAPTER VI.

### ON GUARD.

Whether it was the strangeness of his surroundings or something he had eaten for supper which didn't rest well on his stomach, certain it is Eric Gordon didn't rest as well as usual after he fell asleep in the quaint old four-post bedstead.

A noise at the window shaded by the oak tree awakened him, and he sat bolt upright in bed.

The moon was rising just above the tree top and flooded a part of the room with its mellow light.

Another thump on the window drew his eyes in that direction.

Clearly the sound had been caused by the tree, for the giant limb was shaking as if moved by the wind.

Thud!

Once more the limb smote the window.

"The wind must have risen since I came to bed," thought Eric, as he watched the leaves and twigs quiver and shake. "It's a fine night all right. I wonder what time it is?"

As if in answer to his thoughts, the musical chime of the tall, old-fashioned family clock in the hall downstairs struck the hour with a measured cadence.

"Midnight, eh!" exclaimed the boy, after counting the strokes. "It's some time since I've been awake at this hour, though I came close to it last night."

Another thud came at the window, this time hard enough to rattle the glass.

"They'd better have that limb sawed off," muttered Eric, "or some time a big wind will push it through the window pane."

He slipped out of bed and walked over to the window, to see how hard it really was blowing, for he didn't notice the sound anywhere but at that particular window.

Looking out he saw something which almost took his breath away.

It was the figure of a man slowly making his way toward the window by a hand-over-hand movement along the tree limb.

It was the weight and swinging movement of his body which made the stout branch strike against the window.

The night itself was just as calm as it was when the boy came to bed.

Who was this man, and what was his object?

The answer instantly suggested itself to the amazed boy.

"I believe he means to break into the house by the only way that leads to the upper story," breathed Eric, his heart thumping against his ribs like a miniature pile-driver. "I guess I'm up against the real thing, after all. Why, there are two of them. How am I going to stand them off? I've got to do it somehow, for that is what I'm here for. It's a question of think quick, for the first rascal is almost up to the window. Ah! The gun! But I haven't time to load it. I must trust to luck and good bluff. Those chaps aren't going to get into this house if I can help it, bet your life!"

He pulled down the old musket, and with all the pluck of a brave boy who knew his duty and proposed to do it, he placed himself in the shadow near the window and waited with bated breath for the next move on the programme.

It came as soon as the burglar secured foothold on the window sill.

He tried the window, which was shut but not latched.

With one hand he gently pushed the upper sash down nearly half-way and stuck his head into the room to reconnoiter the premises.

As he did so, Eric thrust the muzzle of the ancient firearm under his nose.

"Skip!" he cried, fiercely, "or I'll blow the top of your head off."

The man started back with an oath and almost lost his balance.

Gripping the limb tighter to sustain himself, the intruder glared at the boy who now stood revealed in his night garments in the full glow of the moonshine.

"What's the matter, Ringle?" asked the second man, who had just started to follow his companion by the same limb.

The fellow addressed as Ringle didn't answer, but he transferred his hand from the tree limb to the half-open window, and at the same time, with his other hand, began to fumble at his hip-pocket.

Eric guessed he had a revolver there, but he didn't falter from his purpose.

"If you draw any weapon, I'll fire," he said to Ringle, in a tone which seemed to show that he meant business.

"Who are you?" hissed the burglar. "Seems to me I've seen you before."

"It doesn't matter who I am. I'm here to block your attempt to enter this house."

"I know you now," gritted Ringle. "You're Eric Gordon. What are you doing here?"

"Don't you see what I'm doing?" retorted the boy.

"Pshaw! Point that gun another way. It might go off accidentally."

"No, it won't. It will go off on purpose, if it goes off at all. It's up to you to say whether it does or not."

"Look here, young man," said Ringle, fiercely. "If you don't put up that gun and let us into the room, I'll be the death of you at the first chance I get."



"You can't frighten me that way," returned the nervy boy.

"I'll do something worse than frighten you," snarled Ringle. "It'll be the worst night's work you ever did if you interfere with us."

"You don't suppose I'm going to let you in to rob the house and frighten the old ladies who brought me here to guard them, do you?"

"So they brought you back with them, did they? More fool you for coming. Come, now, stand out of the way or——"

"I'll give you just one minute to go, mister man," cried Eric, resolutely. "If you don't, I shall fire anyhow. I can't take any more chances."

"You wouldn't dare!" growled Ringle, who didn't really believe the lad had the pluck to shoot, but who, at the same time, felt decidedly nervous over the prospect lest he really might carry out his threat.

"Don't you tempt me, that's all," said Eric, jabbing the muzzle of the musket against Ringle's forehead.

The touch of the cold iron was irresistible.

"I'll go," he cried, hoarsely; "but, I'll get square with you for this. You're doing us out of a cold \$1,500, and I shan't forget it."

In the meantime his companion, perceiving something was wrong, had returned to his perch in the tree.

This left the way clear for Ringle to beat a retreat by the way he had come, and, swearing under his breath like a trooper, he availed himself of the opportunity, much to the courageous boy's relief.

Regaining the tree, Ringle held a consultation with his companion, and while he was thus engaged Eric got down the powder-horn and poured a charge into the gun and then rammed home a wad of paper he had in one of his pockets.

This he followed with a bullet.

Then he sprinkled some powder in the nipple, for it was a flint lock, and returned to his post to await further developments, wondering, if it became necessary for him to fire, whether the ancient weapon would go off at all.

But the necessity was not forced upon him.

Ringle and his associate had arrived at the conclusion that prudence was the better part of valor, and Eric had the satisfaction of seeing them descend from the old oak and disappear around the corner of the building.

Eric knew the doors and lower windows were strongly barricaded, so he didn't fear they would be able to force an entrance that way.

No doubt they had tried to do so before they shinned up the tree and had given up the attempt.

The boy hurriedly got into his clothes, pushed up the window again and secured it, and then went downstairs to stand watch in that quarter.

But there was no further attempt made on the mansion that night, though Eric stuck faithfully to his task until dawn, when, satisfied that the thieves were really gone, he went to bed again.

## CHAPTER VII.

### ERIC BECOMES AGGRESSIVE.

The small servant called him about nine o'clock, and he got up and dressed, feeling none the worse for his night's adventure.

He did not see the maiden sisters until he entered the breakfast-room half an hour later.

"Well, Eric," said Miss Priscilla, with a smile, "how did you sleep last night?"

"I was awake more than half the night," replied the boy, with a slight grin.

"Indeed," spoke up Miss Phoebe. "That is too bad. Change of surroundings, I presume, must——"

"It wasn't that," answered Eric; "but it happened I had a visitor."

"A visitor!" exclaimed both of the sisters together, raising their hands in surprise. "Why——"

"The fact of the matter is a couple of burglars tried to force an entrance into the house through my room."

"My goodness!" ejaculated Miss Priscilla, turning pale, while her sister looked as if she were going to faint.

"I think it was lucky you put me in that room," went on Eric. "Not only that, but if it hadn't been for that old musket hanging on the wall up there I don't think I could have stood them off. The fellow who got as far as the window was a pretty hard case, and I had to shove the muzzle of the gun in his face to get him to listen to reason."

Then the boy told the maiden ladies the whole story of what he had been up against, winding up by advising them to have that particular limb of the tree cut down, in order to guard against any similar attempts in the future.

"We can never thank you enough, Eric Gordon," said Miss Priscilla, gratefully. "I am sure I don't know what we should have done if you had not been here to protect us."

"I am very glad I was," he replied, earnestly.

"You are certainly a very brave boy," smiled Miss Phoebe.

"I couldn't help acting as I did. I knew you depended on me, and I would have felt like thirty cents if those rascals had got the better of me."

"And weren't you frightened at all?" asked Miss Priscilla, pouring out the coffee from a real old-fashioned silver urn.

"I didn't have time to consider whether I was or not. I knew it was my duty to prevent them getting in."

"But you might have been hurt. I should never have forgiven myself if you had been. We would rather have lost the money, or anything else we have in the house, than that harm should have come to you, when your mother was so good as to let you come here."

"It wouldn't have been your fault if I had been roughly



handled, Miss Gardner. Those are chances we've all got to take when we're up against bad characters."

"We must stop at the constable's on our way to church and tell him about this wicked attempt to break into our home. You will be able to describe the man, won't you, Eric?"

"Sure. I'd know him if I ever saw him again. Do you know I think I've seen him before. I couldn't say when or where. The other fellow called him Ringle; but that name is not familiar to me."

Breakfast over the sisters prepared to go to the village church, as was their custom.

Eric was to go with them in the buggy and drive.

He hitched the horse to the vehicle, brought it around to the front door, where the maiden ladies were waiting, and politely handed them into the buggy.

They found Constable Gray on the point of setting out for church with his family in a carryall.

Eric briefly gave him an outline of the burglarious attempt on the Gardner homestead the night before, and he promised to give the matter his attention.

After dinner, Eric walked over to Sayville to see his mother, and also called upon Will Batterson, to both of whom he related what had occurred at Gardner's.

"Gosh!" grinned his chum, "you had a strenuous time of it, didn't you?"

"It wasn't child's play."

"S'pose that bluff of yours hadn't worked?"

"I should have used the butt end of the old thing to keep the rascal out."

"But s'pose he'd drawn a revolver, what then?"

"I give it up," replied Eric. "He'd had me dead to rights, then."

"Bet your life he would! Maybe those are the same chaps who have been working so many houses along shore of late."

"I wouldn't be surprised. It's funny how they manage to keep under cover so well, with all the constables of the county, you might say, on the lookout after them."

"It is funny. They must be foxy rascals."

"They're pretty slick."

"Say," exclaimed Will, suddenly, "you don't think that black sloop we saw in the creek Friday night has any connection with those chaps, do you?"

"I never thought of such a thing; but, of course, it isn't impossible."

"Did you tell the constable about the vessel?"

"No."

"I think he ought to know. I didn't fancy the look of her."

"I'll see him again to-morrow morning and mention the fact."

"I would. It won't do any harm, you know, and then, again, it might furnish a clue. I don't believe in letting anything like that get by."

Eric returned to the Gardner homestead at eight o'clock, and an hour later was in bed.

He wasn't sure but the burglars might return again, and determined to keep awake as long as possible.

His good resolution didn't amount to much, for in fifteen minutes he was as sound asleep as a bell.

His slumber, however, was disturbed by strange and disquieting dreams, in all of which the man Ringle figured.

It was one o'clock when he awoke with a start.

He had been dreaming that he was passing through a lonesome wood when Ringle and two companions suddenly sprang out of a thicket and blocked his passage.

Two of them had revolvers in their hands, and the look on Ringle's face was ominous.

Then, as we have said, he awoke.

The dream had been very real, and for the moment, in the darkness of the room, for the sky was overcast this morning, he wasn't sure but he was still in the wood, and he glanced fearfully around for signs of Ringle and his associates.

"Gee! It was only a dream after all," he muttered, in a tone of relief.

He heard the pattering of the tree against the window, as the souging wind moved the limbs to and fro, and his first impression was that Ringle was renewing his attempt to enter his room by the giant branch.

He sprang out of bed to look, though he heard the sweep of the wind as it rattled the old shutters on the outside.

"It's the wind this time, all right," he said, but for all that he walked over to the glass to make doubly sure.

So dark were the shadows in the old oak that for all he could see to the contrary there might have been a dozen men concealed among its branches.

At that moment he heard a slight thud at the other window which overlooked the landscape from another point.

"What's that?"

Then he heard a creaking noise, which he ascribed to the hinges of the shutters.

While he was looking toward the window, he fancied he saw a shadow more opaque even than the dark background of the night rise slowly up before the glass.

A different sound than that caused by the wind shaking the sashes followed.

"I believe there's some one there," breathed the boy, staring fixedly at the glass.

He dropped down on the floor and crawled over.

The nearer view thus obtained disclosed the shadowy outline of a man on the outside.

"The rascals have actually had the nerve to come back. They are working a new dodge. They have a ladder this time. Well, I'll give them a warm reception, all right. They won't be able to get in at the window without breaking it, for the latch is caught."

The man on the ladder had found the sashes secure, and drew a small implement from his pocket, the skillful manipulation of which would soon enable him to remove the pane under the catch and allow of the easy insertion of his arm, so that he could unhook it.



Eric soon understood what he was about and resolved to let him proceed while he took advantage of the circumstance to hurriedly dress himself.

Before going to the room the evening before, he had hunted up a good, stout cudgel, with a heavy knot on the end, which he considered a much more effective weapon than the ancient musket, for he had his doubts as to the advisability of firing off the charge he had put into it—it might prove more disastrous to himself than to the person for whom its contents were intended.

Armed with the cudgel, Eric drew near to the window just as the man on the outside had effected his purpose, and the pane of glass fell in on the carpet.

The rascal unhooked the clasp and softly lifted the lower sash.

The way was now clear for him to enter.

He did not do so at once, but thrust in his head to see what he could make out in the dark chamber.

He had cause to regret the act the moment his head was well in the room, for Eric, whom he did not observe, had been patiently waiting for this chance which he had foreseen would probably occur.

They boy had been holding the club poised in readiness to deal an effective blow.

He brought the cudgel squarely down on the rascal's head.

With a groan the fellow dropped backward and tumbled down the ladder, landing in a heap on the ground.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### WAYLAID.

Eric glanced cautiously out of the window to see what would follow.

Two very much surprised rascals were lifting their unfortunate companion to his feet.

The man, however, was senseless, and when this fact became apparent to the others they bore him away to the old well in one corner of the yard to revive him.

Eric watched them go.

"So there are three of them this time? I wonder what they'll do next?"

He looked at the ladder and then an idea struck him.

"I may as well remove this out of their reach while they are away," he said.

He hauled the ladder up, tipped it and dragged it into the room, leaving a small portion of it extending beyond the sill.

"When they come back to try again, they'll wonder where it has gone to," he snickered, picturing their surprise in his mind.

Fifteen minutes later he saw them return.

The man who had received the tumble looked decidedly groggy on his legs.

As Eric had judged, they were astonished at the disappearance of the ladder.

This circumstance disconcerted them.

They could not but understand that the surprise they had contemplated had proved a miserable failure.

They consulted together for a few minutes and then moved off in the direction of the barn.

"Have they given their project up or got some new scheme in their heads?" muttered the boy, as he watched them vanish in the gloom of the yard.

He divided his attention between the two windows and waited.

For some time nothing occurred, and Eric was almost persuaded that they had withdrawn, when he saw a flickering light in the direction of the barn.

Even as he looked this light grew larger and brighter until a strong premonition of mischief forced itself on the lad's mind.

"I really believe they have set fire to the barn," he said, with some concern.

Such presently proved to be the fact.

In revenge for their second defeat, the rascals had fired the flimsy building.

Eric rushed from the room and aroused the maiden sisters.

He explained the situation in a few words and then hastened downstairs.

"Look out!" screamed Miss Priscilla, "they may be standing outside waiting for you to open the door."

Eric had not thought of that, and he paused with his hand on the bolt.

But his humane sympathies for the poor horse, which he believed to have been left to meet an awful fate, overcame every other consideration, and he drew the bolts and rushed out into the night.

No one was there to meet him or to take advantage of the open door.

He dashed for the stable at a run.

Then he saw a moving object on his right.

A burst of flame from one of the stable windows showed him that it was the horse which the rascals at least had the charity to turn loose before they proceeded with their unlawful design.

The barn, however, was doomed, and ere many minutes the fire burst through the roof, lighting up the landscape so that it could be seen miles away.

Somebody in the village saw the flames and telephoned word to Manhansett.

The volunteer firemen were aroused and started down the road with the engine, believing some farmhouse was burning.

They arrived at the Gardner homestead in time to view a heap of glowing embers and obtain an account of the cause of the brief conflagration.



There was nothing for them to do, so they trailed back the way they came.

Eric kept watch for an hour longer and then satisfied that the burglars had no intention of making a further attempt on the mansion, turned in and slept like a top until called down to breakfast.

During the meal, both of the sisters feelingly expressed their gratitude to the boy for his courageous defense of their property and their persons.

"You are one boy in a thousand, Eric Gordon," said Miss Priscilla, with a smile. "Few lads would have had the nerve to stand out against three such desperate rascals. I am sure I don't know what we should have done without you in the house."

"It's a wonder you were never molested before by the tramps and scallawags who seem always to be on the lookout for unprotected property."

"It is a wonder," replied the maiden lady, with a little shiver. "But we did not give the matter the thought we have of late. I am so thankful we asked your mother to permit you to stay with us these two nights."

After breakfast, as Eric was preparing to take his departure for home, as it was necessary for him to go for the early mail, Miss Priscilla called him into the cosy little sitting-room.

"It is the wish of my sister and myself to show you in some substantial way our appreciation of the service you have rendered us. We feel that you have not only saved us a considerable sum of money, but in all likelihood the family plate and jewels as well, the loss of which would be a dreadful blow to us. They have been in the family for over one hundred years, and you will understand that many memories center about them. I, therefore, take great pleasure in presenting you with the sum of \$1,000 as a nest-egg for your future."

Eric was much astonished at this liberal present from the sisters, and did not want to accept it, until Miss Priscilla insisted that he do so, or they would feel greatly hurt.

He thanked them courteously for the gift, and soon afterward took his leave.

Of course, Mrs. Gordon was very much astonished also when Eric showed her the wad of bank bills Miss Priscilla had presented him with.

"What are you going to do with all that money, my son?" she asked, smilingly.

"I have already three hundred dollars in the Manhansett Savings Bank, mother, and this will go to keep that company."

After leaving the mail-bag in the Manhansett postoffice and getting the one he had to bring back to Sayville, he went to his bank and duly deposited the money.

"I feel like a bloated capitalist," he said to himself, as he looked at the balance now to his credit, with a glow of satisfaction.

Then he went on to the village.

At five o'clock he was back in Manhansett again.

After getting the afternoon mail-bag he had to go on to

Saugatuck, a small village several miles beyond, to leave several bags of phosphate, which he had been commissioned to deliver by a merchant in Manhansett.

It was late, therefore, when he finally passed through town again and struck out for home.

The shades of an early summer evening were falling upon the country landscape when Eric Gordon reached the most lonesome stretch of his homeward drive.

The covered vehicle was proceeding at a smart pace when two men jumped out of a thicket and essayed to stop it, while a third man, not so big nor so old as the others, rose out of the bushes on the other side of the road, with a pistol in his hand.

It seemed to be a clear case of hold-up.

"Grab her by the bridle, Brady," said the man who appeared to be the leader of the enterprise.

While Brady attempted to follow instructions, the other man, who looked strangely like Ringle, the burglar, drew a revolver from his hip-pocket for the purpose of intimidating the young driver of the wagon.

Eric, taking in the situation at a glance, whipped up his horse.

Then he leaned forward and struck at the two men.

Brady sprang back to avoid being run down, throwing up his arm to avoid the whip-lash.

Thus he lost the only chance he had had to stop the mare.

At the same moment the fellow among the bushes fired, and the ball severed a small lock of Eric's hair on his forehead.

As the wagon dashed by the men, the leader fired after it.

But the shot amounted to nothing, and in a cloud of dust Eric and his covered conveyance disappeared around the turn of the road, leaving the discomfited rascals swearing and otherwise forcibly expressing the vexation they felt over the miscarriage of their ambushade.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE STUBBORNNESS OF OLARENCE CHUDLEIGH.

Next morning when Eric went to Manhansett he overheard the postmaster and one of the town officials talking about a fresh robbery which had occurred in the town the night before.

Quite a lot of silverware and jewels had been taken by the robbers, and no clue to their identity was forthcoming.

Eric then told about the attack made upon him in the mail-wagon the previous evening on the country road.

"I am satisfied they are the same fellows who tried to break into the Gardner homestead on the two nights I slept there," he said, in conclusion.

"These rascals, whoever they are, seem to be getting mighty bold," said the postmaster, wagging his bald head and looking at Eric over his glasses. "Where they keep



themselves under cover during the daytime is what puzzles me."

"Have you heard of a black sloop being seen in this neighborhood lately?" inquired the boy.

"A black sloop?"

"Yes. A kind of single-masted craft, painted a dead black color."

"No," said the postmaster, shaking his head. "But there ought to be many such vessels about, I should think. Black isn't such an unusual color for boats."

"That's right, too; but I refer to a craft which might have an object in keeping aloof among the creeks and inlets of the north shore. These burglars could live aboard such a vessel and thus keep out of sight of the officers searching for them."

"Your idea seems a plausible one," said the postmaster, looking interested. "What put it into your head?"

"Why, Will Batterson, a friend of mine, and myself ran foul of just such a craft last Friday night anchored up in East Creek. We thought nothing of the circumstance at the time, except that it seemed an odd place for her to be; but since we've been reading about the many mysterious burglaries in this neighborhood, and the fact that the perpetrators of them have managed to cover up their movements so cleverly, we thought——"

"Do you know if the vessel is still there?" asked the town official, who had been an interested listener to the foregoing.

"Really, I couldn't say, as I haven't been near the creek since the night in question."

"It's worth looking into, anyway," said the official. "I'll call at the head constable's office and mention the fact. We want to get these rascals if we can, and no clue ought to be overlooked in the search."

With these words he left the postoffice.

"What's the matter with the mail this morning, Mr. Richards?" asked Eric.

"There was a smash-up about twelve miles down the road, and the train has been held up just beyond Smithtown for the last two hours."

"You haven't any idea when she'll get through, I suppose?"

"No; but I should think she ought to be along pretty soon. Here's a book for you to look at while you're waiting," and he tossed Eric a small red-bound volume, the title of which, "The Art of Getting Rich," immediately interested the boy.

"I wouldn't mind picking up a few points on this subject," mused Eric, as he turned the pages over, "I should think such a book ought to be popular, as everybody has a weakness for acquiring wealth. It is a very comfortable reflection to have a bank account of some size," and Eric thought of his \$1,300 in the Manhansett Savings Bank.

Eric found there were nine chapters in the little work of which the first was devoted to "How Fortunes Were Made in Ancient Times."

The fourth chapter was headed "How to Succeed in Business," and Eric thought he'd glance over that.

He was about half-way through this interesting subject when the mail was brought into the office.

The small bundle of letters and the larger batch of newspapers and packages for Sayville and vicinity were tossed into a bag and the pouch handed over to Eric who at once took his departure for home.

That afternoon Will Batterson accompanied Eric on his afternoon trip for the mail.

He brought along his shotgun, which he had loaded with buckshot, and when, on the return trip, they drew near the scene of the previous night's hold-up, Will kept out of sight with the gun in readiness to take a hand in the proceedings if Eric was molested again; but nothing occurred to interrupt the mail-wagon.

"I guess those chaps won't bother you again," said Will, when he resumed his seat beside his chum.

"Probably not; but if you had been with me last night we might have peppered them with a few chunks of lead. I had a lucky escape from the pistol ball of one of them."

"That's what you had. They seem to be a desperate bad lot."

As they turned a curve in the road they made out a light buggy approaching in the middle of the road.

"Here comes Clarence," said Will. "He's got it in for you because you beat him out in the boat race."

"He had as good a chance to win as I had, but he threw it away by over-exerting himself at the start. I don't see how he can blame me for his own foolishness."

"That's his way—always unreasonable. He ought to take a tumble to himself once in a while."

Eric turned out so as to give Chudleigh half of the road, but Clarence made no move to do likewise.

"Hi, there, Clarence, give us room to pass, will you?" shouted Will, with a gesture.

"Turn out yourself!" retorted Chudleigh, in no very pleasant tone.

"We have turned out our share," answered Will.

"Turn out more, then!" came back the sulky reply.

"Now what do you think of that?" said Will to Eric. "Isn't it enough to make you mad? Look here, Chudleigh, do you think you own this road?"

Clarence, however, made no answer.

He had come to a stop exactly in the center of the turnpike, and it looked as if he didn't intend to yield an inch.

It was manifestly impossible for Eric to pass him without ditching his off wheels and scraping the fence.

The rules of the road entitled him to a fair half of the way, and he decided not to waive his rights even to oblige so important a little gentleman as Clarence Chudleigh.

However, he did not mean to run the little aristocrat down because he was unreasonable, that is, not if he could help himself.

A collision between the stout mail-wagon and the light



buggy would have been greatly to the disadvantage of the latter.

So when the two rigs came pretty close he slowed down and finally stopped and waited for Clarence to do something.

"We're waiting for you to get out of the way," said Eric, with becoming mildness.

"Do you suppose I'm going to turn out for a common store boy like you?" said Chudleigh, contemptuously.

"Don't act like a puppy!" chipped in Will, somewhat indignant at this gratuitous insult to his chum. "We have the right to half of this road, and you're only making a donkey of yourself by disputing it."

"Do you mean to insult me?" demanded Clarence, firing up at Will's words.

"Don't be a clam!" retorted Batterson, in some disgust at the young dude's perverseness.

"Do you expect to keep to the middle of the road?" asked Eric, impatiently.

"I shall if I feel like it."

"If he doesn't take the cake for pure cussedness when he's got his back up you can call me a liar," remarked Will to his friend, in a low voice.

"I suppose you are aware that I am carrying the mail?" asked Eric, taking a new tack.

"I don't care what you're carrying. I've got the right of way and I'm going to keep it."

"You have no more right than we have to hold the center of the road and block another vehicle. You ought to know that, for your father is a lawyer," said Will.

"How do you expect to pass?" asked Eric, rather tired of the discussion.

"It's your place to turn out more," replied Clarence, sourly.

"I can't turn out any more without running my right wheels into the ditch. It isn't fair for you to expect me to do that. You have lots of room on your own right to drive and allow me my fair share of the road."

"I don't want to talk with you."

"Turn out, then, and let us pass you."

"I shan't," answered Chudleigh, doggedly.

"What do you want to be so obstinate for?" snorted Will.

"That's my business."

"Very well," said Eric, in a decided tone. "I'm going to drive on. It's up to you if anything happens to your rig."

"Don't you dare strike my buggy!" screamed Clarence, when he saw Eric start ahead.

"Get out of the way, then," said Will. "You're detaining the mail, and that's against the law."

But Chudleigh persisted in staying where he was, though he had ample room to move to one side.

The result was the front wheel of the big wagon locked with his front wheel, and as Eric continued to go ahead the buggy was slewed around, while the horse, seeing his danger, started to pull out of the way.

The light vehicle couldn't stand the strain, and, as a natural result, the axle snapped and the wheel came off, pitching Clarence into the road, where he would have been run over but that Eric suddenly pulled short up.

Will jumped out and yanked the dazed aristocrat out of harm's way.

"I'll make you pay for this!" cried Chudleigh, scrambling to his feet, white with rage, and shaking his gloved hand at Eric.

"I don't think you will," replied Will, coolly. "I'm a witness against you. I will testify that you acted unreasonably in this matter."

"Shut up, Will Batterson! You've got too much to say!" snarled Clarence, dusting off his clothes. "My father will make you sweat for this," he added, glowering at Eric, who did not seem to be in the least disturbed by the threat.

"I'm sorry," he answered; "but it was your own fault."

"Yah! You common store boy!"

"What are you going to do now?" asked Will. "With your wheel off and the axle snapped short in two, you can't go on."

"We'll have to patch it up so he can lead the rig home again," said Eric.

"You won't patch nothing up!" shouted Clarence, dancing about in the road with passion. "You'll pay the bill for fixing it up as good as new. Do you hear, you loafer!"

"That settles it," said Eric, with some indignation. "Jump in, Will; I'm going to drive on."

And drive on he did, as soon as Batterson climbed back into his seat, leaving Clarence Chudleigh hopping about in the dust, like a monkey on a hot stove, and threatening Eric with every dire result in the calendar.

## CHAPTER X.

### SQUIRE CHUDLEIGH SUFFERS A LOSS.

An hour later, Clarence led his horse and trailing buggy into the yard of his home, and the gardener, who was watering the lawn with a hose, wanted to know what had happened to him.

"That beast of an Eric Gordon, the store boy, ran into me with his heavy wagon and broke the front axle of the buggy. But I'll make him pay well for it, the loafer!" said Clarence, with smothered anger.

"He must have been very careless," remarked the man, who, knowing nothing of the merits of the case, naturally sided with his employer's son.

"He did it on purpose!" snorted young Chudleigh.

"You ought to inform your father about it."

"I mean to. Has he got home?"

"Yes. I saw him come in half an hour ago."



Clarence found his father in the library and gave him his own version of the "outrage."

On the strength of his son's statement, the lawyer grew quite indignant.

"I will walk down to the store after supper and talk to him about it. I shall expect him to apologize to you, and pay for having the buggy repaired."

"That's right," responded his son, in a tone of satisfaction. "Give him fits. He puts on altogether too many airs because he carries the mail. You had his mother appointed postmistress, didn't you, father?"

"Ahem! Yes. I recommended the appointment."

"I wish somebody else had it."

"Why, my son?"

"Because, then, Eric Gordon would have to do something beside driving his wagon to town twice a day. I hate him."

"You mustn't express yourself in such an unchristian-like way, my son," said the Squire, reprovingly.

"Why not?" asked Clarence, ungraciously.

"Because it isn't—ahem!—just right."

"I might as well say it as think it. I should have won that ten-dollar prize last Saturday only for him."

"Mr. Brown told me at meeting that young Gordon won the race fairly."

"I sprained my shoulder-blade."

"That was your misfortune, so we won't discuss the matter further."

"You said you'd make the ten dollars up to me."

"So I did. There it is," and the Squire took a bill from a well-filled wallet and handed it to his son and heir.

Clarence took it with a grin of pleasure, but forgot to thank his father for the donation.

As this was nothing unusual on his part, the omission escaped his parent's notice.

The Squire called at the store about seven o'clock, as he promised his son.

Eric was waiting on a customer at the time, and his mother was similarly engaged, so the great man of the village had to wait his turn.

A sandy-complexioned man entered the store while he stood there.

In a few minutes Mrs. Gordon was at liberty and came forward.

"I have a little business with your son," said the Squire, in response to her respectful request as to what he wished. "While I am waiting, I may as well pay your last week's bill. Have you got it ready?"

"Yes, sir," replied the postmistress.

Squire Chudleigh produced his wallet, and the sandy-complexioned man eyed it with greedy interest.

The nabob, having ascertained the amount he owed for groceries, pulled out several notes and tendered them in payment, while the lady was receipting the bill.

He laid his wallet on the counter just as Eric came forward to wait on the sandy-complexioned man.

"One moment, please," said the Squire, turning to the boy. "My son has made a very serious charge against you, young man."

"I suppose you refer to the injury his buggy sustained on the county road late this afternoon," replied Eric, respectfully.

"Precisely. If you have any explanation to make in reference to it I will listen to you."

"Here is your bill, Squire Chudleigh," said Mrs. Gordon at this point, putting it down near the pocketbook.

"Thank you, ma'am," answered the great man, without turning around.

"I'll take half a pound of plug cut, madam," said the sandy-featured customer, as the postmistress looked at him inquiringly.

While she went to the back of the store to get the tobacco, the man edged up nearer the counter and the spot where the Squire stood.

When Mrs. Gordon returned and handed him the package, he was putting something into his hip-pocket.

He paid for the tobacco and hurried from the store.

In the meantime, Eric had made his explanation of the road accident, and referred to Will Batterson as to the truthfulness of his statement.

The Squire was obliged to admit that his son had been in the wrong, and he left the store rather provoked with Clarence.

"Mother," said Eric, a few moments later, "Squire Chudleigh forgot his receipt. I'll put it in an envelope and stick it in his pigeon-hole."

He was in the act of doing this when the lawyer re-entered the store in a great hurry and apparently much exercised over something.

"I forgot my——"

"Your receipt," interrupted Eric. "Here it is."

"I don't mean that. I refer to my pocketbook. I left it on the counter."

"On the counter!" replied Eric, looking. "Whereabouts?"

"There," answered the nabob. "What did you do with it?"

"I didn't see it, Squire."

"Didn't see it? You must have seen it!" exclaimed the great man, angrily. "There was more than \$100 in it, and several valuable papers."

"But I assure you that I did not," protested Eric, flushing.

"Then where has it gone?"

"You must have put it back in your pocket."

"It is not in my pocket. I forgot to pick it up."

"Mother!" called Eric. "Did you see the Squire's pocket-book?"

"Why, no," she replied, coming forward.

"Maybe it fell down somewhere behind these boxes," said the boy, removing them hastily, but to no purpose.

There was no sign of the lawyer's wallet anywhere.

Of course its absence produced an embarrassing situation,



especially as the nabob almost openly accused Eric of having taken it.

The entrance of Constable Gray put another complexion on the affair.

After he had listened to the lawyer's story and asked him to describe the wallet, he said he had seen a sandy-complexioned man, a stranger in the village, examining just such a pocketbook a little while before, down near the river.

Mother and son recollected that this man had been in the store while the Squire was there, and as he left in a great hurry the inference was plain.

"I'll see if I can catch him," said Eric, seizing his hat. "You said down by the river, didn't you, Mr. Gray?"

"Yes. I'll go along with you."

They both hastened in the direction indicated.

"There he is in that black boat!" cried Eric, pointing down the river, where the man was pulling at all his speed. "He's the thief, sure enough; but how are we to catch him?"

## CHAPTER XI.

### UNDER HATCHES.

"If we had a horse and buggy," suggested the constable.

"Or a boat," said Eric. "I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll get Batterson's."

"Where shall we find it? Every moment counts."

"It's always tied to the little bathing stage behind his house. We won't lose any time, because it's in the same direction as we want to go."

The constable knew that, and off they started on a trot for the Batterson home, the back of which fronted on the river.

"Is Will at home?" asked Eric of the servant who was taking in clothes from the lines in the yard.

"No," she replied. "He went out after supper."

"Well, tell him Constable Gray and I have taken his boat to chase a robber, will you?" and he hurried on, joining the constable at the bathing stage.

"I'm afraid we'll lose the fellow in the dark," said the village official, as he pointed down the river where the fleeing thief was growing indistinct in the gathering dusk.

"We must put on steam and try to overhaul him. He can't know that any one is in chase of him."

They embarked in short order, after Eric had brought out two pairs of oars from a small outhouse where they were kept.

"Now, then, Mr. Gray," said Eric, resolutely, as he removed and tossed his jacket aside, "we must get a move on if you expect to catch that scamp and put him into the lock-up to-night."

They got down to work with a will, and the light skiff flew over the water like a sea bird.

Darkness settled down on the landscape, the banks of the river gradually grew indistinct, so they could not judge the position of the fugitive.

They pulled away like good fellows till the perspiration oozed down their faces, for the night was a warm one.

They had proceeded more than a mile when they heard the sound of oars ahead.

"There he is!" cried Eric, beginning to spurt.

"Yes, it must be. I was beginning to fear that the rascal had landed somewhere along the banks, leaving us on a wild-geese chase," replied Constable Gray, increasing his stroke to match the boy's.

The sound of oars in advance grew more and more distinct.

"We'll have the rascal soon. I wonder where he's heading for?"

This question was soon answered, for a bend in the stream brought them in sight of a one-masted vessel silhouetted against a whitewashed barn standing near the river bank.

The sound of the oars had ceased, but there seemed to be two or three persons in motion between the barn and the boat.

"He's gone aboard that sloop, I'll wager," said the constable, who had paused to look ahead.

At the word sloop, Eric stopped, too, and looked in the same direction.

"Why, that's the black sloop!" he exclaimed, in some excitement.

"The one you spoke to me about?" asked Mr. Gray.

"Yes. It must be the same. They have brought it up the river, evidently."

"Well, I'm going to board it," said the constable, resolutely. "It's my opinion we've struck the nest of burglars who have been giving the county such a scare."

"That's what I——"

The shrill scream of a woman or girl at that moment awoke the echoes of the quiet spot.

"There's something wrong, you may depend!" cried the officer. "We've got here at the right moment to be useful, probably. There's a lantern. They seem to be taking somebody on board."

A few more lusty strokes and their skiff bumped against the side of the black sloop.

Unshipping the oars, Constable Gray, closely followed by Eric, sprang aboard the low-lying craft.

In the glimmering light of the lantern held by the sandy-complexioned man, they saw two others, one of whom Eric recognized as Ringle, the other as the youngish fellow who had fired at him from the bushes the previous night, dragging a muffled-up and struggling female over the sloop's side.

"Hello! What does this mean?" exclaimed the constable, in his official tones.

His challenge created an immediate sensation in the



ranks of the opposition, who had not been aware of the approach of strangers on the scene.

Ringle stared at the constable in a startled way for a moment and then uttered an imprecation.

At the same moment the sandy-featured man, whose name was Brady, the very rascal who had failed to stop the mare the evening before, recognized Eric.

"It's young Gordon and the village cop!" he cried, warningly. "We must do 'em or the jig is up!"

Constable Gray heard the words, and they removed all doubt as to the character of the men he had to deal with.

He was a plucky fellow, and advancing upon Ringle he said:

"I arrest all. Surrender, or I'll put a bullet into each of you."

"The dickens you will!" ejaculated Ringle, grabbing the constable's wrist as he was in the act of drawing his weapon. "Grab the boy, Brady, I'll attend to this man!"

Brady dropped the lantern and rushed at Eric, who met him with a blow which sent him staggering backward.

But the sandy-haired individual was a tough nut, and he soon closed with Eric.

While they were struggling, and Ringle was making things interesting for the officer, the other rascal carried the girl he held into the cabin and slammed the slide to, effectually imprisoning her.

Then, as if he knew just what had to be done in such an emergency, he cast off the rope which held the sloop to the bank, and, seizing the main-sheet, began to haul the already loosened mainsail up toward the peak of the mast, when the night wind, catching its fold, flung the boom to port, knocking over the four combatants in the cockpit.

Ringle, who was much more active than the stout constable, sprang up first, and taking advantage of the latter's discomfiture, seized him by the coat and one leg, and, before the officer knew where he was, tumbled him into the river.

The sloop swept by, leaving Constable Gray struggling in the water.

Ringle then came to Brady's assistance, who was having all he could do to handle the intrepid boy, and between them they overpowered Eric, and bound him securely with a bit of rope.

By this time the third rascal had trimmed the sail and taken his place at the helm, the boat gliding down the river as if on greased ways.

"So we've got hold of you at last, you little monkey, have we?" said Ringle, picking up the lantern and flashing the light in the boy's face.

Eric made no reply, but returned the fellow's look, defiantly.

"You're the chap that did us out of a nice haul the other night and almost broke Jim Brady's head into the bargain. We've been aching to get back at you for it, and I guess the chance has come our way at last."

"Yes, blast you!" chipped in the sandy-featured man, "I

owe you one for that clip you gave me on the nut, and I always pay my debts."

He shook his fist in Eric's face and swore a round oath.

"We'll attend to his case later," said Ringle. "Help me put him under hatchës."

They carried the boy forward.

Ringle removed a hatch cover, exposing a small, dark hole, and thrust Eric down into the place.

The lid was then replaced and secured with a hasp, and the boy left to ruminate over the uncertainties of this mundane sphere.

## CHAPTER XII.

### A DISCOVERY IN GRANITE.

It was a narrow, ill-ventilated space, rank with the smell of recent cookery, that Eric found himself confined in.

A rude wooden bulkhead divided it from the small cabin beyond, and through the cracks came plainly to his ear the sobbing of a female.

"These scoundrels have evidently carried off a girl against her will. Are they kidnappers as well as thieves? I'm afraid I'm up against a pretty hard lot. They mean to show me little mercy for what I did to them. Poor mother! What will she think when I don't return to-night? And Constable Gray! That Ringle dropped him over the side with as little compunction as if he had been a sack of sand."

Ringle and Brady had, as they thought, tied Eric's hands pretty tight behind his back, but the odd position in which they had held the boy's hands at the time rather defeated their purpose.

At any rate, while working his wrists together in the darkness, Eric found that the rope yielded so far that he felt confident he could wriggle them free by patient effort.

He could hear Ringle talking on deck, that is, on the trunk-roof of the cabin where he and Brady had perched themselves, probably to keep a better lookout ahead.

By gently lifting the cover of the hatch with his head to the limit of the hasp (that is a good inch and a half) he could make out what they said.

"I know it's none of my business," Brady was saying, "but I think it was a foolish thing for you to fetch that girl aboard."

"I don't think so. We'll reach New York before morning, so she won't remain long on the sloop."

"What are you going to do with her? I thought you were satisfied with the revenge you took on her old man, when we set fire to the lighthouse."

"You've got another think coming, then," laughed Ringle, coarsely. "I'm not through with that precious uncle of mine yet by a long chalk."



Eric nearly collapsed with surprise and indignation as he made this unexpected discovery, while at the same time his heart gave a great throb of pity for the beautiful and innocent girl confined in the dark cabin.

So Grace Wales had been kidnapped by Andrew Wales's rascally nephew—a man a hundred times worse than his kind-hearted relative even suspected him to be.

Eric thought the world of Grace, and it made him wild to think she was in this scoundrel's power.

"If I can only get free and provide myself with a weapon of some kind I'll show those chaps she has a protector at hand who will stand by her while he's got a drop of blood left to fight for her," muttered the boy, resolutely.

Then he listened again to the conversation going on above.

"Well, let the girl slide. How much do you think we'll realize from the stuff we've got aboard?"

"We ought to get a couple of thousand apiece."

"Well, that isn't so bad," replied Brady, in a satisfied tone. "It makes me laugh when I think how we've set the entire north shore by the ears. A score or more constables have been trying to find our tracks, and every one of 'em is at fault because as soon as we got back to this sloop we were safe. Working the houses along shore with this vessel in the background was a great idea of yours, Ringle."

"That's what I told you before we started out. It has been a regular snap."

"That's what it has!" agreed Ringle.

"Well, now I want to talk business to you, Brady. This is something between ourselves only. I don't propose to allow Poole in on it, because we don't need him. It's a case where three is a crowd."

"Well, I'm listenin' to you, Ringle."

"I expect we'll be able to raise \$4,000 between us," began Mr. Wales's nephew.

"So you said before."

"Well, I want you to stand in with me and buy that island half-way down Manhansett Bay, where we put in with the sloop when we first came to this locality."

"Buy the island!" gasped Brady, looking at Ringle as if he thought he was joking. "What are you giving me?"

"Well, I'm giving you a small fortune," replied his companion, coolly.

"A small fortune? Say, what sort of a pipe-dream is this, anyway?"

"No pipe-dream at all. That island is worth a mint. What's more, it's for sale, and at a price that's dirt cheap—three thousand dollars."

"If it's worth a mint why is it for sale?"

"Because the old chap who owns it doesn't know what a prize he's got in his hands. Nobody seems to have tumbled to it, for the island has been in the market for over a year, with no takers."

"What's on it? A gold mine or a chest of Captain Kidd's treasure?" laughed Brady, incredulously.

"Nothing of the sort," replied Ringle, somewhat piqued

at his companion's mirth. "Do you want to know what's on it?"

"Sure. You don't suppose I'd put any of my dust in a pig in a poke, do you?"

"No, I don't, of course. Well, that island is more than half made out of fine granite, and granite is worth a heap of money, especially when it's so near New York as the entrance to Manhansett Bay."

"What do you know about granite?" asked Brady, doubtfully.

"I'll tell you. When I was a young chap, before I became the black sheep of the family, as Andrew Wales calls me, I attended the Columbia College School of Mines. I studied mineralogy, and was quite a slick hand in the science of minerals, rocks and other etcetera. What I don't know about the elements which compose this world on which we live isn't worth wasting time trying to acquire. At any rate, to come right down to the question in hand, there is very little about granite I don't know. There is poor granite, good granite, and a superior order of granite, and the last is to be found on that island in Manhansett Bay."

"How did you find out there is granite on the island when the owner, you say, doesn't know it?"

"Because I know a thing when I see it, which isn't the case with a person who doesn't know the difference between a worthless bit of rock and a valuable one. It is a matter of education, and I have the education. While we were anchored in that little cove, I went ashore one day and accidentally made the discovery I'm proposing to share with you. Three thousand dollars—\$1,500 apiece—buy us a steady income for life. You're with me, aren't you, Brady?"

"Sure! if I can depend on your word."

"You ought to know whether you can or not."

"But you might be mistaken in this discovery, and then where would our \$3,000 be?"

"Before I ask you for a cent of your \$1,500, I'm going to prove to you that the granite on that island is all to the good. I've got a bag of samples in the cabin I'm going to have passed on by competent experts, and then, on the strength of their written opinion, I shall ask you to cash up."

"Now you're takin', Ringle. Show me the goods and I'm with you every time."

"That's right. I thought you'd come around. You'll never regret it."

"I hope not. But do you think it will be safe for you to go down there openly and buy up the place? I'm afraid you've put your foot in it by bringing away the girl. Old Wales won't have the least mercy on you if he gets a sight of you."

"You've seen how I can disguise myself, Brady. I'll be a different-looking man when I call on Captain Batch, the owner of the island, to make the purchase."

"Well, I'm willing to admit you're about as clever at fixin' yourself up as the best at the business."

"Yes, I guess I am. Now that we've arranged this matter satisfactorily we'll get back aft, and I'll relieve Poole at



the helm. I see we're getting well down the inlet, and it won't be many minutes before we're out on the Sound."

The two rascals got up, shook themselves and went back to the cockpit of the sloop, leaving Eric to ponder over the very interesting and valuable bit of information which had come to his ears.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### ERIC COMMUNICATES WITH GRACE.

"By Jove!" said Eric to himself, "that Ringle is a smart rascal. It's funny how clever men will turn their talents in the wrong direction. So Batch's Island is a mass of granite? I wonder if that is really true, or is Ringle mistaken? If it is it's the greatest find in this locality that I know of. I'd like to get a chance to verify it. Yet what good would that do me? I could put Ringle's nose out of joint by having him pulled in, no matter what disguise he assumed, but I couldn't buy the island myself, for \$3,000 is more money than I expect to own for many a day yet. Nobody but Ringle seems to want the island just now, and the only reason he wants it is because he thinks there is a fortune there, which is undoubtedly true if granite really exists there in a considerable quantity. It's funny nobody has made the discovery before. Probably because the island is but rarely visited, and not then by any one with the knowledge and sharp eyes necessary to detect its real composition. I mean to look into it when I get away from this predicament. And you can bet I'm not going to be carried to New York, or allow these rascals to take Grace there, either, if I can help myself. I dare say they imagine because I'm only a boy that I'm easy. I hope they do. It will require some strategy to get to the windward of them. At any rate, it is my motto to stick a thing out till I win. Nothing is gained by crying over spilled milk. It's pure grit that wins, and I'm going to match that against the odds I have to face."

Eric was a plucky boy, all right.

The first thing he did was to try and free his hands.

Until this was accomplished he felt that he was helpless.

The sudden heeling over of the sloop to port under the influence of the smart breeze which blew upon the Sound clearly indicated to Eric that the boat had just passed the point where the ruins of the lighthouse lay a mass of blackened debris.

The sloop maintained that angle now with her big mainsail bellied out over the water to leeward, and the boy could hear the water dash against her forefoot and feel the slight, graceful bob she made to the Sound wavelets.

Half an hour of patient, persistent effort rewarded the boy with the freedom of his hands.

He now investigated the interior of his prison and found a small cook stove standing in a sandy base-box.

Pots and pans, only roughly cleaned, were hung about on nails.

The strong odor of fried fish and grease was now less perceptible to the lad, because he had got used to it.

"I wonder if I could get the best of that hasp which holds down the hatch cover with the help of this skewer?" thought Eric, as soon as his fingers recognized the slender steel implement used by butchers to pierce meat for the insertion of a string to keep it in shape.

Eric didn't lose any time dreaming over the matter, but began operations on the hasp at once.

He found the job so easy of accomplishment that he actually laughed over it.

Then he lifted the cover a few inches and reconnoitered.

The three rascals were seated in a bunch in the cockpit, Ringle steering.

It was a fine, starlight night, and the cool breeze was a grateful relief to the boy.

It instilled fresh life and confidence in him.

He was now prepared to do and dare anything that would aid Grace and himself to escape from their unpleasant surroundings.

How such a happy issue was to be brought about was not yet very plain to the brave young fellow.

The sobbing sound from the cabin had long since ceased.

The dark interior was as silent as though it had no occupant.

It was scarcely probable the girl was asleep.

More likely she was simply suffering in silence.

At length Eric decided to try and attract her attention so as to let her know she had a protector at hand on whom she might rely to do all that was in his power for her benefit.

"The flapping of the mainsail and the dashing water will prevent a slight noise from reaching Ringle and his associates at the stern," thought the boy, "particularly as the cabin slide is shut."

So he began to knock against the wooden bulkhead in a noticeable way.

Then he called out, softly:

"Grace! Grace! It is I—Eric Gordon!"

In a moment or two he heard a movement in the cabin as if the girl had stirred.

"Grace Wales! Eric Gordon is here!" he called once more.

"Oh, Eric! where are you?" cried Grace, with a suppressed scream.

"Here," and the boy pounded a bit louder on the bulkhead.

He heard her feeling her way toward his prison pen.

Then he pulled a match from his vest-pocket and lit it, the flash of the flame shining through the cracks in the partition, thus indicating his position to her.

"Come close to the bulkhead, Grace."

She did so.

"Wait a moment till I take a look on deck," he said,



lifting the cover and surveying the conditions outside, which had not changed.

"How came you to be on this boat!" she asked, when the boy let the hatch cover down again and spoke to her.

Eric told her how he and Constable Gray had chased the thief of Squire Chudleigh's wallet down the river from Sayville; how they had boarded the black sloop; how they had seen her carried forcibly on board, and how they had been overpowered in the attempt to capture the rascals—the constable being thrown overboard, while he had been bound and imprisoned.

"But I've worked my hands free and slipped the hasp which secured the lid of this hole, and now I'm ready to take advantage of the first chance to escape and take you back with me."

"Oh, Eric, how brave you are!" cried the girl, with a little hysterical sob.

"Pooh! I haven't done anything very remarkable in that line yet," he replied, pleased, nevertheless, by the girl's compliment.

"You'll never be able to help me against those three men!" she cried. "How can you?"

"I mean to try, Grace. I shall never desert you."

"You're so good. I shall never forget you."

"Not until you find somebody you like better, I suppose."

"I shall never like anybody better than you, Eric!" she cried, impulsively.

"I hope you won't, because I like you better than any girl I ever knew."

"I'm so glad. But you mustn't get into any more trouble for me, Eric. I should be dreadfully unhappy if anything happened to you. Do try and escape, yourself. Then you can tell my father that Edward Ringle has carried me off. Edward is my cousin. He is a very wicked man, I am sure now, and he is doing this to hurt my father. Father was away when he came this evening to our home with another man, and compelled me to go with them. They brought me aboard this boat, as you know."

"Ringle is a hard case, all right. He and his associates set the lighthouse on fire. I heard the sandy-featured man say so a little while ago."

"We suspected that he did," replied the girl.

"Wait till I take another look," interrupted Eric. "I don't want those fellows to catch on to us."

"Hush!" cried Grace, warningly. "Some one is at the slide door of this cabin."

Eric listened and heard the slide drawn back and then saw the flash of the lantern.

It was Ringle who was entering the cabin, and Brady was at his heels.

Grace had thrown herself face down on the cushioned locker in front of the bulkhead, and never moved when Ringle addressed her.

"I guess she's cried herself asleep," he remarked.

"So much the better," replied Brady.

The sloop had a centerboard-trunk to which were attached flaps which answered the purposes of a couple of narrow tables.

Ringle turned up one of these and braced it.

Then he produced a big black bottle and three tumblers from a locker, poured a portion of liquor into each, and handed one of the glasses out to Poole at the helm.

The two men talked and drank a while, after which Ringle got out a box of cigars, selected three, which he distributed, and then he and Brady returned on deck, leaving the slide open.

Eric peeped at them over the cabin roof and saw that they were enjoying a smoke.

He heard Grace whispering through a crack in the bulkhead.

"Well, Grace," he whispered back.

"They have left the slide open, Eric. We must be careful."

"All right. No use saying anything more. You watch and wait. Be on the alert for any signal from me."

"Do be careful, Eric," she pleaded.

"Don't worry. I'll look out for Number One. You'd better pretend that you are asleep."

Nothing more was said between them.

Eric kept an eye on the enemy from under the hatch cover, which he raised a few inches.

At length Ringle tossed the butt of his cigar overboard and rose to his feet.

"We'll turn in a spell," he said to Brady. "You can lie down on the starboard locker, I'll take the port one. If the girl is asleep we'll let her lie where she is. No danger of her leaving the cabin without Poole seeing her, and if she did she couldn't run away. It's a pretty good swim from here to shore," and he laughed coarsely.

"And the boy is safe enough for'ard," grinned Brady. "No fear of him getting away."

"I guess not. We'll hocus him and the girl before we reach the city, and then take them in a carriage to Mother Meiggs's."

Eric saw Ringle and the sandy-featured man enter the cabin.

Then his fertile brain evolved a daring expedient.

It was both bold and desperate, but it seemed to be a case of nothing ventured nothing won, and that warranted any risk which promised results if successful.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### PURE GRIT.

Eric waited a good half hour before he made a move.

He wanted to give Ringle and Brady plenty of time to fall asleep.

His plan of operations was, first of all, to overpower Poole, who, though taller and older, was lighter and apparently less muscular than himself.

But to accomplish this successfully, as well as prevent



any alarm reaching Ringle and Brady through the open slide, he knew he must take Poole off his guard.

This was a ticklish job, because the steersman was, most of the time, looking in the direction he would have to approach.

Occasionally Poole looked across the waters of the Sound, it is true, but his attention was not distracted long enough to enable Eric to come across the top of the cabin and pounce upon him unobserved.

Eric watched him full twenty minutes, hoping some object astern might catch his notice, but nothing like that occurred.

The boy began to grow desperate.

Time was passing, and if anything was to be accomplished he felt it had to be done before Ringle and Brady came on deck, for he was almost certain they would both come out at the same time.

"I can't see how I'm going to manage it for the life of me," he muttered impatiently. "Those chaps in the cabin I'll wager are light sleepers—all crooks probably train themselves to that point when on business. A struggle of any kind would bring them out, and then my name would be mud for good, and Grace, too, would be in the soup. This is hard luck!"

Suddenly a scheme darted through his head.

Its very originality and venturesomeness almost took his breath for the moment; but therein lay its promise of success.

"I'll do it, though I'm liable to lose my life, for it's awful risky. But it's the only way as far as I can see."

Without giving the thought time to cool, he lifted up the hatch cover and cautiously crawled up onto the slanting deck, in the shadow cast by the big mainsail, at a moment when Poole looked off to the leeward at a foreign brig, which was sailing to the eastward.

Then, with a prayer for the success of his precarious venture, Eric lowered himself over into the dashing water until half his body was submerged, and the other half instantly soaked by the spray churned up by the sloop's progress through the water.

Slowly he began to drag himself along the starboard side of the boat, which was tilted up at an acute angle, the port rail almost kissing the surface of the water under the pressure of the mainsail, which bulged to leeward.

He had to depend entirely on the grip of his fingers upon the slippery rail as he slowly and laboriously worked himself along toward the cockpit, astern.

His idea was to get behind Poole, then, with a sudden spring, for he was as agile as a monkey, leap on board again and jump on the young rascal before he could understand what was in the wind, and then choke him into insensibility.

To plan an enterprise is one thing; to accomplish it another.

As he made his way, inch by inch, along the outside of the rushing sloop, the perspiration stood out on his fore-

head and ran down his face, for there wasn't a moment when he wasn't in imminent danger of being swept from his hold and carried to his death, astern.

As he passed at last under the stern of the sloop, the end of his perilous journey in sight, he could not see Poole any more than Poole could see him.

Now he rested for his final effort, allowing his limbs to drag in the wake of the boat.

Then he raised himself by his arms to see which way the helmsman was looking.

His attention was taken up by the seaward-bound brig to leeward.

It was the crucial moment.

Summoning all of his energy, Eric hauled himself out of the water, raised his right leg over the rail, and sprang into the cockpit, like some monster which had come out of the deep.

Poole turned with a startled oath on his lips, only to find himself clutched around the throat by a strangle hold, while Eric threw the whole weight of his body upon him, bending his head down backward over the rail, in order to prevent him from struggling effectively.

Eric knew that everything depended on the success of putting Poole out of business, and he used every ounce of his powerful muscles to that end.

He was in desperate earnestness, and Poole was like a baby in his grasp.

In three minutes the rascal lay senseless and inert, while the sloop, relieved of the hand at the tiller, began to perform strange antics, which Eric hastened to correct by throwing Poole against the rudder arm and thus steadying it.

"Now for Grace," breathed Eric, approaching the cabin door.

Looking in, he saw the dark, sleeping forms of Ringle and Brady stretched upon the port and starboard lockers.

Slipping off his shoes, he bent down, entered the cabin and walked slowly to where Grace sat watching his approach with staring eyes.

She had seen something of the struggle between Eric and Poole through the open door, but had been so terrified at the thought of the peril facing the boy she thought more of in this world than any one but her father, that she could not tell for certain who had come off the victor.

"Grace!" whispered Eric, as he drew close to her.

With a smothered sob from her surcharged heart, she quietly sprang up, threw her arms about his neck and kissed him.

It was the first kiss she had ever given him or any other boy, but such was the intensity of her feelings that she could not have helped doing what she did if she had died for it.

"Oh, Eric! Eric!" she whispered, trembling like an agitated leaf in his arms. "Are you really safe?"

"Yes. Come out of this as softly as you can."

He pushed her gently ahead of him.



She shuddered visibly as she passed close to the slumbering Ringle.

Something, however, caused Eric to pause.

Something which caused his nerves to tingle and his blood to leap with excitement.

He saw the butt end of a revolver sticking out from under the rolled-up blanket which served Ringle for a pillow.

Dare he venture to take it?

With that weapon in his hand the success of his plans seemed assured.

But if Ringle should wake up suddenly and catch him before he could withdraw the revolver from its resting-place everything would be lost.

It was another case of pure grit.

And the grit and nerve of the boy triumphed.

Softly he placed his fingers around the handle of the weapon and with the utmost care he drew it, inch by inch, from under the blanket until at last he held it in his hand and Ringle still slept on.

Grace, looking back through the opening, had watched his daring feat, with her heart in her mouth.

Her face lit up with a great happiness when he rejoined her, closed the sliding door, secured it with a wooden staple, and thus effectually secured the chief rascals in the cabin.

Pure grit indeed had made Eric master of the situation.

## CHAPTER XV.

### AT THE POINT OF THE PISTOL.

"Now, Grace, I think I can depend on you to steer for a few moments," said Eric, regarding her with a smile of satisfaction. "You have had some experience with boats, I think."

"Yes," she replied, looking fearfully at the inanimate and livid-faced Poole where he lay against the tiller.

"I'll put him out of the way," said Eric, observing her glance of aversion.

He grasped the insensible rascal around the waist and dragged him to the forward hatch.

Removing the cover, he fished out the cord which had been around his own wrists and tied Poole's hands with it, then he lowered him into the hole, but left the cover half off so he could get plenty of air.

This accomplished, he returned to Grace's side and relieved her.

Then he turned the sloop's head toward the Long Island shore, distant about a mile.

He could not tell how far they had come, but guessed it must be all of thirty miles from the entrance to the inlet and Manhasset Bay, for he calculated it was now about midnight.

"Why, Eric, you are all wet!" exclaimed Grace, in sur-

prise and some dismay, noticing for the first time that the boy's shirt sleeves clung limp against his arms and that his garments looked sodden and wrinkled.

"I'll tell you how that happened," he said, but she interrupted him with:

"Why don't you put on your jacket. You'll catch your death in your wet condition."

"I haven't any jacket, Grace; it was left behind in Will's boat at the time we boarded the sloop."

"But you ought to have something on, Eric," she insisted, anxiously.

"Well, I think so myself, so I'll just relieve that chap in the hold of his jacket. He has no use for it down there. It's warmer than toast in that hole."

Accordingly yielding the tiller once more to Grace, he went forward and possessed himself of Poole's jacket.

"This makes a heap of difference," he said, when he returned to the girl.

"I should think it did," she replied, with a smile.

In a few minutes Eric tacked again, shoving the boom over the starboard rail.

He had scarcely accomplished this maneuver before there was a noise at the cabin door.

This was followed by a smothered oath and an impatient pounding on the wood.

Grace snuggled closer to her young protector and gave an involuntary shiver.

"Let him knock," snickered Eric. "It's good exercise."

"What in thunder is the matter with you, Poole?" sang out Ringle, evidently hot under the collar.

"I'm thinking if he waits for Poole to answer him he'll wait some time."

"Poole, you jackanapes, have you gone to sleep?" roared Ringle, again, starting up a fresh and heavier rat-tat-tat on the panel.

"Poole!" howled Brady, adding his ponderous fist to Ringle's, and both making noise enough to waken the dead.

A momentary silence ensued and then came the crash of Ringle's foot against the door.

The slide shivered and bulged under the blow.

It was plain another kick or two would demolish it.

"That won't do at all," said Eric, putting the tiller into Grace's hand. "I must put a stop to any more demonstrations of that kind."

Another kick, this time from Brady's boot, came upon the slide before he could interfere, and the wood was partially splintered.

"That will do, gentlemen," said Eric, drawing the revolver from his pocket. "If you try that again I shall put a ball into one or both of you!"

His remarks caused a sensation in the cabin.

It was the first intimation they had, aside from the locked slide, that things were wrong on the outside.

Ringle put his eye to the break in the door and what he saw caused him a tremendous shock.

For the next minute he made the air of the cabin tingle with shocking language.



Brady took a look also, and he ejected a few forcible remarks that wouldn't bear repetition.

"Let us out, you pestiferous little monkey, or we won't do a thing to you!" shouted Ringle, in a violent rage.

"Don't get excited, gentlemen," replied Eric, ironically. "You might sprain a blood-vessel. Keep cool, or there'll be something doing at this end which may prove unpleasant to you."

"How did you get out of the hold, you villain?" demanded Ringle, evidently as mad as a whole nest of disturbed hornets.

"Where's Poole, you scalawag?" chipped in Brady.

"He's doing penance under the hatch," replied Eric, laughing.

"We'll make you laugh on the other side of your mouth, you cantankerous imp!" roared Ringle. "Wait till we kick this door down!"

"I wouldn't advise you to try it," said Eric, in a determined tone. "I've got your gun here, Mr. Ringle, and if you touch that slide again with your foot I'll fire in at you. I can't afford to take any chances with either of you, so don't tempt me too far."

Ringle swore a big oath and then he and Brady retired to consult over the situation, which appeared to wear a desperate look for them.

They couldn't understand how Eric had managed to free himself and then overcome Poole, unless their companion had fallen asleep at his post.

Finally Ringle came to the hole in the slide again and opened negotiations in a conciliatory tone.

"Let us out, young man, and we'll put you and Grace Wales ashore wherever you wish to land."

"Thanks," replied Eric, sarcastically, "but it isn't worth while giving you that trouble. We can put ourselves ashore as soon as we reach our destination."

"Come, now, let us out and we'll make it worth your while," said Ringle, switching off on a new track.

"In what way?" asked Eric, curious to know what proposition they had to offer, but without the least idea of accepting it.

"We'll give you \$50 cash," said Brady, eagerly, as if he thought that was a sufficient bait.

"Nothing doing," replied Eric, coolly.

"What do you want?" asked Ringle, impatiently.

"Nothing from you."

Another flow of bad language followed.

"You fellows don't seem to understand that there's a lady present," said the boy, sharply.

"Are you going to let us out or not?" howled Ringle.

"I am not, and that settles it."

Ringle, in great rage, smashed half the door out with a kick, whereupon Eric, true to his threat, fired point-blank into the aperture.

A roar of pain followed, and Ringle fell back on the floor of the cabin with a broken arm.

This display of resolution on Eric's part overawed Brady,

and he made no attempt to complete the demolition of the sliding panel, which was now almost a wreck.

Ringle swore and moaned alternately, interspersed with an occasional request of Brady that he finish the door and do up Eric Gordon.

But Brady didn't care to draw the boy's fire even to oblige his friend in iniquity, so he refused to follow up the attack.

Grace continued to steer the sloop while Eric stood guard over the fractured panel, and in this way the boat sailed eastward for a couple of miles before there were any further developments in the case.

At length Brady's face appeared at the opening.

"What are you going to do with us?" he asked, in an anxious tone.

"I am taking you back to Manhansett," replied Eric.

"But we don't want to go to Manhansett," protested Brady.

"I suppose not," answered the boy, dryly.

"Can't we make a deal with you?"

"No. You've got to answer for throwing Constable Gray overboard. He may have been drowned for all I can tell."

"How could he when he was within a few feet of the shore?"

"It's to be hoped he escaped, otherwise it would be the electric chair for Mr. Ringle at least."

"Do you know you've broken Ringle's arm?"

"I'm sorry, but it was his own fault. I warned him not to kick that slide again."

"What's the use of having us jailed when we'll hand you \$500 in good money to let us up on us."

"You can't bribe me, Mr. Brady, so you might as well shut up."

That settled the business, and Brady retired out of view.

It was four o'clock in the morning when the sloop sighted the point at the entrance to the inlet.

Half an hour later, as the sky began to lighten up in the east, Eric ran in to the little wharf near the lighthouse and told Grace to run to the house and see if her father was home.

It happened he was asleep in the house.

Her summons at the door awakened him.

He was greatly surprised to see her there at that early hour, for he had supposed she had gone to visit some friend and had been prevailed on to stop all night.

A few hasty words explained the situation, much to his amazement and indignation.

He came down to the sloop, fully determined that his nephew, Ringle, should pay the penalty for his crimes.

Grace was induced to allow her father to take her place in the boat.

An hour later they reached one of the Manhansett wharves; Eric sent Mr. Wales for a posse of constables, and in half an hour Ringle, Brady and Poole were landed in jail and the authorities took charge of the sloop, which was found loaded with swag from the numerous houses robbed during the past month.



## CHAPTER XVI.

## IN WHICH ERIC STARTS ON THE ROAD TO WEALTH.

When Eric got back home he found his mother in a state of great nervous excitement and worry over the report brought by Constable Gray, who had returned in Batterson's boat, that young Gordon had been carried off by a gang of criminals in a black sloop which had been tied up along the river bank near Noakes's farm.

The constable had telegraphed to the police at Whitehaven and New York City to be on the lookout for such a boat, stating that a girl also had been kidnapped and would probably be found on board.

Ringle and his associates were brought up before the Manhansett justice for examination on the following day, when Eric Gordon, Grace Wales and several residents of the county, who identified property found on the sloop, appeared against them.

They were committed for trial at the next term of the court.

Rewards for the capture and conviction of these rascals who had terrorized the whole north shore of Long Island since late in the spring, and which footed up a total of something over \$1,200, were paid to Eric at once by the grateful citizens who had suffered from the depredations of the scoundrels.

Even Squire Chudleigh, to whom Eric returned the missing wallet, found on the person of Brady, was grateful to him to the extent of a fifty-dollar bill.

Eric deposited his money in the Manhansett Savings Bank, and was now the proud possessor of a pass-book which credited him with the sum of \$2,550.

The boy had by no means forgotten about Ringle's alleged discovery of granite on Captain Batch's island in Manhansett Bay.

He had long known that the island was for sale—it had been advertised off and on in the county newspaper, but nobody seemed to want it, at least at the price the retired sea captain wanted for it.

With the information he had acquired through overhearing Ringle's conversation on the subject with his pal, Brady, Eric started out on a quiet exploring expedition.

He had obtained possession of the small bag of specimens found in the cabin of the sloop and which seemed to confirm Ringle's story, and with a few of these in his pocket he made a quiet visit all by himself to the island, and spent all of an afternoon searching around for indications of similar bits of stone.

He was not at all successful in his search, and was giving the matter up for that day at least when, near the extreme end of the island, where it looked toward the Sound, he came upon a narrow ravine, which he followed to its termination.

Here he found abundant evidences of granite, similar in every respect to the sample he had with him.

Eric judged there must be an immense deposit of the material on the island.

Next day the boy took a Long Island train for New York City, with the address of a noted mineralogist in his pocket.

He took the bags of specimens collected by Ringle with him and submitted them for examination.

He was told that the samples represented a very fine order of building material, and the gentleman assured him that he did not know of any place outside of Barre, Vt., or perhaps one or two places in Massachusetts, where such excellent granite could be found.

"A quarry of such stone would be very valuable, then?" suggested Eric.

"Valuable!" exclaimed the specialist. "I should say so. It would be worth a fortune."

This statement was quite satisfactory to Eric, and with his head filled with visions of untold wealth, and the good things a lot of money would procure, he returned to Sayville.

He said nothing to his mother about the object of his trip to the metropolis.

"It will be a great and happy surprise for her if I begin life with a successful start such as this thing promises to be. I am going to take the risk of buying that island with what I have in the bank. And that reminds me, I am under age. The deed will have to be made out in mother's name."

It was Eric's method always to strike while the iron was hot, for, thought he, there's many a slip between the cup and the lip, and the fellow who procrastinates is generally sure to get left.

So he called at once on Captain Batch and made him an offer of \$2,500 spot cash for the island.

The captain was willing to accept this offer, but was very curious to know why Eric wanted property that seemed to be a drug on the market.

Eric told him he had a scheme in view which might or might not prove successful; at any rate he was willing to take the chances of buying the island on the strength of it.

Captain Batch told him to come around in a few days and bring his mother.

Eric agreed, but insisted on the captain giving him a thirty-day option, for which he was prepared to deposit \$100 on account.

When Eric told his mother that he wanted her to take title for him to the Batch island she put up a strong protest, on the ground that the purchase was a very foolish one, and that her son was surely throwing his money away.

Her opposition was so determined that Eric was afraid he would have to confide his secret to her and thus spoil the surprise he had in store for her, and which he had set his heart upon.

In this emergency he thought of the Misses Gardner, on whose friendship he knew he could depend.

So he called upon them and explained the situation.

Miss Priscilla thought so well of the project that she



promised to call upon Eric's mother and see if she couldn't persuade Mrs. Gordon that her son was really doing a very sensible thing by purchasing the island.

She did so without delay.

Eric never learned what arguments the kind-hearted spinster used to effect her object, but certain it is she won the postmistress over, and that day week Mrs. Gordon accompanied Eric to the residence of Captain Batch, when the island was transferred to her in trust for her son.

As soon as all the legal requirements of the sale had been complied with, Eric went to New York and induced the mineralogist expert to visit the island and thoroughly examine the property with reference to its granite formation.

His report was thoroughly satisfactory to the boy.

At his suggestion Eric got up a prospectus looking to the formation of a corporation to be known as the "Manhansett Granite Company."

Eric acted as his own promoter and solicited subscriptions to the capital stock from all the moneyed people of the neighborhood whom he cared to have associated with him in the enterprise.

The Misses Priscilla and Phoebe Gardner headed the list with the largest personal subscriptions, and among others John Batterson subscribed \$1,000 for ten shares, which he presented to Will, who was most enthusiastic on the subject as soon as his chum made him wise as to the merits of the investment.

Squire Chudleigh was not invited to subscribe.

As a matter of fact, he pooh-poohed at the whole thing, and his insinuations were promulgated abroad by Clarence, who took an immense delight in trying to make small of Eric's undertaking.

But little things like that didn't worry Eric.

He knew he had a good thing in sight, and that everybody interested with him was also bound to profit in the course of time.

A preliminary meeting of the new company was called, articles of incorporation were drawn up by a Manhansett lawyer, Eric, Will and two others were named as the incorporators, and the papers were submitted to the Secretary of State of New York.

In due time Eric received the official confirmation from Albany and the granite company became an assured fact.

Arrangements were at once made to begin the business of opening up a quarry and putting the material on the market.

By this time Ringle and his companions were brought to trial, convicted on the evidence furnished by Eric and the other witnesses, and sentenced and sent to the State prison at Ossining for a term of years.

Eric, as a matter of course, did not drive the mail and express wagon any more, though his mother continued to retain the store and postoffice at Sayville, but devoted his energies to the presidency of the granite company, to which he was unanimously elected by the board of directors at the first annual meeting.

The high position Eric thus attained served to rather put

Clarence Chudleigh's nose out of joint, for he no longer had any ground on which to base his sneers.

"That common store boy" had risen to the proud position of president of the new and promising granite company, while the young aristocrat of Sayville was still known as Squire Chudleigh's spoiled boy.

Perhaps the happiest girl in all the county, certainly the one who took the greatest interest in Eric's prosperity, was Grace Wales, the light-keeper's daughter.

Eric had asked and received permission to call on her regularly, and, of course, that meant, in the eyes of the good people of the neighborhood who were acquainted with the youthful and handsome pair, that one of these fine days Grace would become Mrs. Eric Gordon, and rule as mistress over the elegant home which the boy had in his mind's eye, and which the profits from the "Manhansett Granite Company" would surely realize.

That fall the Government began the erection of a new and more substantial lighthouse on the point, and the fact that Andrew Wales retained his dwelling and continued on the Treasury Department payroll, was sufficient indication that there was no immediate danger of his losing his job, or of not becoming the boss of the new light.

Reader, my task is finished.

Perhaps you think this is all fiction from beginning to end.

If you have any curiosity on the subject, pay a visit some summer to the Long Island town which masquerades under the name of Manhansett and, perhaps you'll learn some very interesting particulars about a truly self-made boy whose name, given as Eric Gordon, I am not permitted to disclose.

He is now nearly twenty-one, but you'll not meet a finer example of a real American boy anywhere if you were to search the country through, nor a more splendid example of PURE GRIT.

THE END.

Read "A RISE IN LIFE; OR, THE CAREER OF A FACTORY BOY," which will be the next number (19) of "Fame and Fortune Weekly."

SPECIAL NOTICE: All back numbers of this weekly are always in print. If you cannot obtain them from any newsdealer, send the price in money or postage stamps by mail to FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 24 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, and you will receive the copies you order by return mail.



# PLUCK AND LUCK.

CONTAINS ALL SORTS OF STORIES. EVERY STORY COMPLETE.

32 PAGES. BEAUTIFULLY COLORED COVERS. PRICE 5 CENTS.

## LATEST ISSUES:

- 330 Trapeze Tom, the Boy Acrobat; or, Daring Work in the Air By Berton Bertrew.
- 331 Yellowstone Kelly, A Story of Adventures in the Great West. By An Old Scout.
- 332 The Poisoned Wine; or, Foiling a Desperate Game By H. K. Shackleford.
- 333 Shiloh Sam; or, General Grant's Best Boy Scout. By Gen'l. Jas. A. Gordon.
- 334 Alone in New York; or, Ragged Rob, the Newsboy. By N. S. Wood (The Young American Actor).
- 335 The Floating Treasure; or, The Secret of the Pirate's Rock. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 336 Tom Throttle, The Boy Engineer of the Midnight Express; or, Railroading in Central America. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 337 The Diamond Eye; or, The Secret of the Idol. By Richard R. Montgomery.
- 338 Ned North, The Young Arctic Explorer; or, The Phantom Valley of the North Pole. By Berton Bertrew.
- 339 From Cabin to Cabinet; or, The Pluck of a Plowboy. By H. K. Shackleford.
- 340 Kit Carson's Boys; or, With the Great Scout on His Last Trail. By An Old Scout.
- 341 Driven to Sea; or, The Sailor's Secret. A Story of the Algerine Corsairs. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 342 Twenty Boy Spies; or, The Secret Band of Dismal Hollow. A Story of the American Revolution. By Gen'l. Jas. A. Gordon.
- 343 Dashing Hal, the Hero of the Ring. A Story of the Circus. By Berton Bertrew.
- 344 The Haunted Hut; or, The Ghosts of Rocky Gulch. By Allyn Draper.
- 345 Dick Dashaway's School Days; or, The Boy Rebels of Kingan College. By Howard Austin.
- 346 Jack Lever, the Young Engineer of "Old Forty"; or, On Time with the Night Express. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 347 Out With Peary; or, In Search of the North Pole. By Berton Bertrew.
- 348 The Boy Prairie Courier; or, General Custer's Youngest Aide. A True Story of the Battle at Little Big Horn. By An Old Scout.
- 349 Led Astray in New York; or, A Country Boy's Career in a Great City. A True Temperance Story. By Jno. B. Dowd.
- 350 Sharpshooter Sam, the Yankee Boy Spy; or, Winning His Shoulder Straps. Gen'l. Jas. A. Gordon.
- 351 Tom Train, the Boy Engineer of the Fast Express; or, Always at His Post. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 352 We Three; or, The White Boy Slaves of the Soudan. By Allan Arnold.
- 353 Jack Izzard, the Yankee Middy. A Story of the War With Tripoli. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 354 The Senator's Boy; or, The Early Struggles of a Great Statesman. By H. K. Shackleford.
- 355 Kit Carson on a Mysterious Trail; or, Branded a Renegade. By An Old Scout.
- 356 The Lively Eight Social Club; or, From Cider to Rum. A True Temperance Story. By Jno. B. Dowd.
- 357 The Dandy of the School; or, The Boys of Bay Cliff. By Howard Austin.
- 358 Out in the Streets; A Story of High and Low Life in New York. By N. S. Wood (The Young American Actor).
- 359 Captain Ray; The Young Leader of the Forlorn Hope. A True Story of the Mexican War. By Gen'l. Jas. A. Gordon.
- 360 "3"; or, The Ten Treasure Houses of the Tartar King. By Richard R. Montgomery.
- 361 Railroad Rob; or, The Train Wreckers of the West. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 362 A Millionaire at 18; or, The American Boy Croesus. By H. K. Shackleford.
- 363 The Seven White Bears; or, The Band of Fate. A Story of Russia. By Richard R. Montgomery.
- 364 Shamus O'Brien; or, The Bold Boy of Glingall. By Allyn Draper.
- 365 The Skeleton Scout; or, The Dread Rider of the Plains. By An Old Scout.
- 366 "Merry Matt"; or, The Will-o'-the-Wisp of Wine. A True Temperance Story. By H. K. Shackleford.
- 367 The Boy With the Steel Mask; or, A Face That Was Never Seen. By Allan Arnold.
- 368 Clear-the-Track Tom; or, The Youngest Engineer on the Road. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 369 Gallant Jack Barry, The Young Father of the American Navy. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 370 Laughing Luke, The Yankee Spy of the Revolution. By Gen'l. Jas. A. Gordon.
- 371 From Gutter to Governor; or, The Luck of a Waif. By H. K. Shackleford.
- 372 Davy Crockett, Jr.; or, "Be Sure You're Right, Then Go Ahead." By An Old Scout.
- 373 The Young Diamond Hunters; or, Two Runaway Boys in Treasure Land. A Story of the South African Mines. By Allan Arnold.
- 374 The Phantom Brig; or, The Chase of the Flying Clipper. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 375 Special Bob; or, The Pride of the Road. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 376 Three Chums; or, The Bosses of the School. By Allyn Draper.
- 377 The Drummer Boy's Secret; or, Oath-Bound on the Battlefield. By Gen'l. Jas. A. Gordon.
- 378 Jack Bradford; or, The Struggles of a Working Boy. By Howard Austin.
- 379 The Unknown Renegade; or, The Three Great Scouts. By An Old Scout.
- 380 80 Degrees North; or, Two Years On The Arctic Circle. By Berton Bertrew.
- 381 Running Rob; or, Mad Anthony's Rolllicking Scout. A Tale of The American Revolution. By Gen. Jas. A. Gordon.
- 382 Down the Shaft; or, The Hidden Fortune of a Boy Miner. By Howard Austin.
- 383 The Boy Telegraph Inspectors; or, Across the Continent on a Hand Car. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 384 Nazoma; or, Lost Among the Head-Hunters. By Richard R. Montgomery.
- 385 From Newsboy to President; or, Fighting for Fame and Fortune. By H. K. Shackleford.
- 386 Jack Harold, The Cabin Boy; or, Ten Years on an Unlucky Ship. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 387 Gold Gulch; or, Pandey Ellis's Last Trail. By An Old Scout.
- 388 Dick Darlton, the Poor-House Boy; or, The Struggles of a Friendless Waif. By H. K. Shackleford.
- 389 The Haunted Light-House; or, The Black Band of the Coast. By Howard Austin.
- 390 The Boss Boy Bootblack of New York; or, Climbing the Ladder of Fortune. By N. S. Wood (The Young American Actor).
- 391 The Silver Tiger; or, The Adventures of a Young American in India. By Allan Arnold.
- 392 General Sherman's Boy Spy; or, The March to the Sea. By Gen'l. Jas. A. Gordon.
- 393 Sam Strap, The Young Engineer; or, The Pluckiest Boy on the Road. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 394 Little Robert Emmet; or, The White Boys of Tipperary. By Allyn Draper.
- 395 Kit Carson's Kit; or, The Young Army Scout. By An Old Scout.
- 396 Beyond The Aurora; or, The Search for the Magnet Mountain. By Berton Bertrew.
- 397 Seven Diamond Skulls; or, The Secret City of Siam. By Allan Arnold.
- 398 Over The Line; or, The Rich and Poor Boys of Riverdale Schools. By Allyn Draper.
- 399 The Twenty Silent Wolves; or, The Wild Riders of the Mountains. By Richard R. Montgomery.
- 400 A New-York Working Boy; or, A Fight for a Fortune. By Howard Austin.
- 401 Jack The Juggler; or, A Boy's Search for His Sister. By H. K. Shackleford.
- 402 Little Paul Jones; or, The Scourge of the British Coast. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by  
**FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,** 24 Union Square, N. Y.

## IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail.

POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York. 190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....

.... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....

.... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....

.... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....

.... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....

.... " " THE YOUNG ATHLETE'S WEEKLY, Nos.....

.... " " FRANK MANLEY'S WEEKLY, Nos.....

.... " " FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY, Nos.....

.... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....



# These Books Tell You Everything!

## A COMPLETE SET IS A REGULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA!

Each book consists of sixty-four pages, printed on good paper, in clear type and neatly bound in an attractive, illustrated cover. Most of the books are also profusely illustrated, and all of the subjects treated upon are explained in such a simple manner that any child can thoroughly understand them. Look over the list as classified and see if you want to know anything about the subjects mentioned.

THESE BOOKS ARE FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS OR WILL BE SENT BY MAIL TO ANY ADDRESS FROM THIS OFFICE ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, TEN CENTS EACH, OR ANY THREE BOOKS FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY. Address FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, N.Y.

### MESMERISM.

No. 81. HOW TO MESMERIZE.—Containing the most approved methods of mesmerism; also how to cure all kinds of diseases by animal magnetism, or, magnetic healing. By Prof. Leo Hugo Koch, A. C. S., author of "How to Hypnotize," etc.

### PALMISTRY.

No. 82. HOW TO DO PALMISTRY.—Containing the most approved methods of reading the lines on the hand, together with a full explanation of their meaning. Also explaining phrenology, and the key for telling character by the bumps on the head. By Leo Hugo Koch, A. C. S. Fully illustrated.

### HYPNOTISM.

No. 83. HOW TO HYPNOTIZE.—Containing valuable and instructive information regarding the science of hypnotism. Also explaining the most approved methods which are employed by the leading hypnotists of the world. By Leo Hugo Koch, A.C.S.

### SPORTING.

No. 21. HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.—The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping and fishing, together with descriptions of game and fish.

No. 26. HOW TO ROW, SAIL AND BUILD A BOAT.—Fully illustrated. Every boy should know how to row and sail a boat. Full instructions are given in this little book, together with instructions on swimming and riding, companion sports to boating.

No. 47. HOW TO BREAK, RIDE AND DRIVE A HORSE.—A complete treatise on the horse. Describing the most useful horses for business, the best horses for the road; also valuable recipes for diseases peculiar to the horse.

No. 48. HOW TO BUILD AND SAIL CANOES.—A handy book for boys, containing full directions for constructing canoes and the most popular manner of sailing them. Fully illustrated. By C. Stansfield Hicks.

### FORTUNE TELLING.

No. 1. NAPOLEON'S ORACULUM AND DREAM BOOK.—Containing the great oracle of human destiny; also the true meaning of almost any kind of dreams, together with charms, ceremonies, and curious games of cards. A complete book.

No. 23. HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.—Everybody dreams, from the little child to the aged man and woman. This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days, and "Napoleon's Oraculum," the book of fate.

No. 28. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES.—Everyone is desirous of knowing what his future life will bring forth, whether happiness or misery, wealth or poverty. You can tell by a glance at this little book. Buy one and be convinced. Tell your own fortune. Tell the fortune of your friends.

No. 76. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES BY THE HAND.—Containing rules for telling fortunes by the aid of lines of the hand, or the secret of palmistry. Also the secret of telling future events by aid of moles, marks, scars, etc. Illustrated. By A. Anderson.

### ATHLETIC.

No. 6. HOW TO BECOME AN ATHLETE.—Giving full instruction for the use of dumb bells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, horizontal bars and various other methods of developing a good, healthy muscle; containing over sixty illustrations. Every boy can become strong and healthy by following the instructions contained in this little book.

No. 10. HOW TO BOX.—The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows, and the different positions of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor.

No. 25. HOW TO BECOME A GYMNAST.—Containing full instructions for all kinds of gymnastic sports and athletic exercises. Embracing thirty-five illustrations. By Professor W. Macdonald. A handy and useful book.

No. 34. HOW TO FENCE.—Containing full instruction for fencing and the use of the broadsword; also instruction in archery. Described with twenty-one practical illustrations, giving the best positions in fencing. A complete book.

### TRICKS WITH CARDS.

No. 51. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing explanations of the general principles of sleight-of-hand applicable to card tricks; of card tricks with ordinary cards, and not requiring sleight-of-hand; of tricks involving sleight-of-hand, or the use of specially prepared cards. By Professor Haffner. Illustrated.

No. 72. HOW TO DO SIXTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Embracing all of the latest and most deceptive card tricks, with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 77. HOW TO DO FORTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing deceptive Card Tricks as performed by leading conjurors and magicians. Arranged for home amusement. Fully illustrated.

### MAGIC.

No. 2. HOW TO DO TRICKS.—The great book of magic and card tricks, containing full instruction on all the leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy of this book, as it will both amuse and instruct.

No. 22. HOW TO DO SECOND SIGHT.—Heller's second sight explained by his former assistant, Fred Hunt, Jr. Explaining how the secret dialogues were carried on between the magician and the boy on the stage; also giving all the codes and signals. The only authentic explanation of second sight.

No. 43. HOW TO BECOME A MAGICIAN.—Containing the grandest assortment of magical illusions ever placed before the public. Also tricks with cards, incantations, etc.

No. 68. HOW TO DO CHEMICAL TRICKS.—Containing over one hundred highly amusing and instructive tricks with chemicals. By A. Anderson. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 69. HOW TO DO SLEIGHT OF HAND.—Containing over fifty of the latest and best tricks used by magicians. Also containing the secret of second sight. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

No. 70. HOW TO MAKE MAGIC TOYS.—Containing full directions for making Magic Toys and devices of many kinds. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 73. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH NUMBERS.—Showing many curious tricks with figures and the magic of numbers. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 75. HOW TO BECOME A CONJUROR.—Containing tricks with Dominos, Dice, Cups and Balls, Hats, etc. Embracing thirty-six illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 78. HOW TO DO THE BLACK ART.—Containing a complete description of the mysteries of Magic and Sleight of Hand, together with many wonderful experiments. By A. Anderson. Illustrated.

### MECHANICAL.

No. 29. HOW TO BECOME AN INVENTOR.—Every boy should know how inventions originated. This book explains them all, giving examples in electricity, hydraulics, magnetism, optics, pneumatics, mechanics, etc. The most instructive book published.

No. 56. HOW TO BECOME AN ENGINEER.—Containing full instructions how to proceed in order to become a locomotive engineer; also directions for building a model locomotive; together with a full description of everything an engineer should know.

No. 57. HOW TO MAKE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Full directions how to make a Banjo, Violin, Zither, Æolian Harp, Xylophone and other musical instruments; together with a brief description of nearly every musical instrument used in ancient or modern times. Profusely illustrated. By Algernon S. Fitzgerald, for twenty years bandmaster of the Royal Bengal Marines.

No. 59. HOW TO MAKE A MAGIC LANTERN.—Containing a description of the lantern, together with its history and invention. Also full directions for its use and for painting slides. Handsomely illustrated. By John Allen.

No. 71. HOW TO DO MECHANICAL TRICKS.—Containing complete instructions for performing over sixty Mechanical Tricks. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

### LETTER WRITING.

No. 11. HOW TO WRITE LOVE-LETTERS.—A most complete little book, containing full directions for writing love-letters, and when to use them, giving specimen letters for young and old.

No. 12. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO LADIES.—Giving complete instructions for writing letters to ladies on all subjects; also letters of introduction, notes and requests.

No. 24. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO GENTLEMEN.—Containing full directions for writing to gentlemen on all subjects; also giving sample letters for instruction.

No. 53. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS.—A wonderful little book, telling you how to write to your sweetheart, your father, mother, sister, brother, employer; and, in fact, everybody and anybody you wish to write to. Every young man and every young lady in the land should have this book.

No. 74. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS CORRECTLY.—Containing full instructions for writing letters on almost any subject; also rules for punctuation and composition, with specimen letters.



## THE STAGE.

No. 41. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK END MEN'S JOKE BOOK.**—Containing a great variety of the latest jokes used by the most famous end men. No amateur minstrels is complete without this wonderful little book.

No. 42. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK STUMP SPEAKER.**—Containing a varied assortment of stump speeches, Negro, Dutch and Irish. Also end men's jokes. Just the thing for home amusement and amateur shows.

No. 45. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK MINSTREL GUIDE AND JOKE BOOK.**—Something new and very instructive. Every boy should obtain this book, as it contains full instructions for organizing an amateur minstrel troupe.

No. 65. **MULDOON'S JOKES.**—This is one of the most original joke books ever published, and it is brimful of wit and humor. It contains a large collection of songs, jokes, conundrums, etc., of Terrence Muldoon, the great wit, humorist, and practical joker of the day. Every boy who can enjoy a good substantial joke should obtain a copy immediately.

No. 79. **HOW TO BECOME AN ACTOR.**—Containing complete instructions how to make up for various characters on the stage; together with the duties of the Stage Manager, Prompter, Scenic Artist and Property Man. By a prominent Stage Manager.

No. 80. **GUS WILLIAMS' JOKE BOOK.**—Containing the latest jokes, anecdotes and funny stories of this world-renowned and ever popular German comedian. Sixty-four pages; handsome colored cover containing a half-tone photo of the author.

## HOUSEKEEPING.

No. 16. **HOW TO KEEP A WINDOW GARDEN.**—Containing full instructions for constructing a window garden either in town or country, and the most approved methods for raising beautiful flowers at home. The most complete book of the kind ever published.

No. 30. **HOW TO COOK.**—One of the most instructive books on cooking ever published. It contains recipes for cooking meats, fish, game, and oysters; also pies, puddings, cakes and all kinds of pastry, and a grand collection of recipes by one of our most popular cooks.

No. 37. **HOW TO KEEP HOUSE.**—It contains information for everybody, boys, girls, men and women; it will teach you how to make almost anything around the house, such as parlor ornaments, brackets, cements, Aeolian harps, and bird lime for catching birds.

## ELECTRICAL.

No. 46. **HOW TO MAKE AND USE ELECTRICITY.**—A description of the wonderful uses of electricity and electro magnetism; together with full instructions for making Electric Toys, Batteries, etc. By George Trebel, A. M., M. D. Containing over fifty illustrations.

No. 64. **HOW TO MAKE ELECTRICAL MACHINES.**—Containing full directions for making electrical machines, induction coils, dynamos, and many novel toys to be worked by electricity. By R. A. R. Bennett. Fully illustrated.

No. 67. **HOW TO DO ELECTRICAL TRICKS.**—Containing a large collection of instructive and highly amusing electrical tricks, together with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

## ENTERTAINMENT.

No. 9. **HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST.**—By Harry Kennedy. The secret given away. Every intelligent boy reading this book of instructions, by a practical professor (delighting multitudes every night with his wonderful imitations), can master the art, and create any amount of fun for himself and friends. It is the greatest book ever published, and there's millions (of fun) in it.

No. 20. **HOW TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY.**—A very valuable little book just published. A complete compendium of games, sports, card diversions, comic recitations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment. It contains more for the money than any book published.

No. 35. **HOW TO PLAY GAMES.**—A complete and useful little book, containing the rules and regulations of billiards, bagatelle, backgammon, croquet, dominoes, etc.

No. 36. **HOW TO SOLVE CONUNDRUMS.**—Containing all the leading conundrums of the day, amusing riddles, curious catches and witty sayings.

No. 52. **HOW TO PLAY CARDS.**—A complete and handy little book, giving the rules and full directions for playing Euchre, Cribbage, Casino, Forty-Five, Revere, Pedro Sancho, Draw Poker, Auction Pitch, All Fours, and many other popular games of cards.

No. 66. **HOW TO DO PUZZLES.**—Containing over three hundred interesting puzzles and conundrums, with key to same. A complete book. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

## ETIQUETTE.

No. 13. **HOW TO DO IT; OR, BOOK OF ETIQUETTE.**—It is a great life secret, and one that every young man desires to know all about. There's happiness in it.

No. 33. **HOW TO BEHAVE.**—Containing the rules and etiquette of good society and the easiest and most approved methods of appearing to good advantage at parties, balls, the theatre, church, and in the drawing-room.

## DECLAMATION.

No. 27. **HOW TO RECITE AND BOOK OF RECITATIONS.**—Containing the most popular selections in use, comprising Dutch dialect, French dialect, Yankee and Irish dialect pieces, together with many standard readings.

No. 31. **HOW TO BECOME A SPEAKER.**—Containing fourteen illustrations, giving the different positions requisite to become a good speaker, reader and elocutionist. Also containing gems from all the popular authors of prose and poetry, arranged in the most simple and concise manner possible.

No. 49. **HOW TO DEBATE.**—Giving rules for conducting debates, outlines for debates, questions for discussion, and the best sources for procuring information on the questions given.

## SOCIETY.

No. 3. **HOW TO FLIRT.**—The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of handkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window and hat flirtation, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers, which is interesting to everybody, both old and young. You cannot be happy without one.

No. 4. **HOW TO DANCE.** is the title of a new and handsome little book just issued by Frank Tousey. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ball-room and at parties, how to dress, and full directions for calling off in all popular square dances.

No. 5. **HOW TO MAKE LOVE.**—A complete guide to love, courtship and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed, with many curious and interesting things not generally known.

No. 17. **HOW TO DRESS.**—Containing full instruction in the art of dressing and appearing well at home and abroad, giving the selections of colors, material, and how to have them made up.

No. 18. **HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.**—One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple, and almost costless. Read this book and be convinced how to become beautiful.

## BIRDS AND ANIMALS.

No. 7. **HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.**—Handsomely illustrated and containing full instructions for the management and training of the canary, mockingbird, bobolink, blackbird, parrot, parrot, etc.

No. 39. **HOW TO RAISE DOGS, POULTRY, PIGEONS AND RABBITS.**—A useful and instructive book. Handsomely illustrated. By Ira Drowfaw.

No. 40. **HOW TO MAKE AND SET TRAPS.**—Including hints on how to catch moles, weasels, otter, rats, squirrels and birds. Also how to cure skins. Copiously illustrated. By J. Harrington Keene.

No. 50. **HOW TO STUFF BIRDS AND ANIMALS.**—A valuable book, giving instructions in collecting, preparing, mounting and preserving birds, animals and insects.

No. 54. **HOW TO KEEP AND MANAGE PETS.**—Giving complete information as to the manner and method of raising, keeping, taming, breeding, and managing all kinds of pets; also giving full instructions for making cages, etc. Fully explained by twenty-eight illustrations, making it the most complete book of the kind ever published.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

No. 8. **HOW TO BECOME A SCIENTIST.**—A useful and instructive book, giving a complete treatise on chemistry; also experiments in acoustics, mechanics, mathematics, chemistry, and directions for making fireworks, colored fires, and gas balloons. This book cannot be equalled.

No. 14. **HOW TO MAKE CANDY.**—A complete hand-book for making all kinds of candy, ice-cream, syrups, essences, etc., etc.

No. 84. **HOW TO BECOME AN AUTHOR.**—Containing full information regarding choice of subjects, the use of words and the manner of preparing and submitting manuscript. Also containing valuable information as to the neatness, legibility and general composition of manuscript, essential to a successful author. By Prince Hiland.

No. 38. **HOW TO BECOME YOUR OWN DOCTOR.**—A wonderful book, containing useful and practical information in the treatment of ordinary diseases and ailments common to every family. Abounding in useful and effective recipes for general complaints.

No. 55. **HOW TO COLLECT STAMPS AND COINS.**—Containing valuable information regarding the collecting and arranging of stamps and coins. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 58. **HOW TO BE A DETECTIVE.**—By Old King Brady, the world-known detective. In which he lays down some valuable and sensible rules for beginners, and also relates some adventures and experiences of well-known detectives.

No. 60. **HOW TO BECOME A PHOTOGRAPHER.**—Containing useful information regarding the Camera and how to work it; also how to make Photographic Magic Lantern Slides and other Transparencies. Handsomely illustrated. By Captain W. De W. Abney.

No. 62. **HOW TO BECOME A WEST POINT MILITARY CADET.**—Containing full explanations how to gain admittance, course of Study, Examinations, Duties, Staff of Officers, Post Guard, Police Regulations, Fire Department, and all a boy should know to be a Cadet. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a Naval Cadet."

No. 63. **HOW TO BECOME A NAVAL CADET.**—Complete instructions of how to gain admission to the Annapolis Naval Academy. Also containing the course of instruction, description of grounds and buildings, historical sketch, and everything a boy should know to become an officer in the United States Navy. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a West Point Military Cadet."

**PRICE 10 CENTS EACH, OR 3 FOR 25 CENTS.**

**Address FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.**



# WILD WEST WEEKLY

A Magazine Containing Stories, Sketches, etc., of Western Life.

BY AN OLD SCOUT.

32 PAGES.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

32 PAGES.

EACH NUMBER IN A HANDSOME COLORED COVER.

All of these exciting stories are founded on facts. Young Wild West is a hero with whom the author was acquainted. His daring deeds and thrilling adventures have never been surpassed. They form the base of the most dashing stories ever published. Read the following numbers of this most interesting magazine and be convinced:

## LATEST ISSUES:

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 113 Young Wild West and the Cowboy King; or, Taming a Texas Terror.                  | 146 Young Wild West's Lively Time; or, The Dandy Duck of the Diggings.        |
| 114 Young Wild West's Pocket of Gold; or, Arietta's Great Discovery.                 | 147 Young Wild West at Hold-Up Canyon; or, Arietta's Great Victory.           |
| 115 Young Wild West and "Shawnee Sam"; or, The Half-Breed's Treachery.               | 148 Young Wild West's Square Deal; or, Making the "Bad" Men Good.             |
| 116 Young Wild West's Covered Trail; or, Arietta and the Avalanche.                  | 149 Young Wild West Cowing the Cowboys; or, Arietta and the Prairie Fire.     |
| 117 Young Wild West and the Diamond Dagger; or, The Mexican Girl's Revenge.          | 150 Young Wild West and Navajo Ned; or, The Hunt for the Half-Breed Hermit.   |
| 118 Young Wild West at Silver Shine; or, A Town Run by "Tender-feet."                | 151 Young Wild West's Virgin Vein; or, Arietta and the Cave-in.               |
| 119 Young Wild West Surrounded by Sioux; or, Arietta and the Aeronaut.               | 152 Young Wild West's Cowboy Champions; or, The Trip to Kansas City.          |
| 120 Young Wild West and the "Puzzle of the Camp"; or, The Girl Who Owned the Gulch.  | 153 Young Wild West's Even Chance; or, Arietta's Presence of Mind.            |
| 121 Young Wild West and the Mustangers; or, The Boss of the Broncho Busters.         | 154 Young Wild West and the Flattened Bullet; or, The Man Who Would not Drop. |
| 122 Young Wild West after the Apaches; or, Arietta's Arizona Adventure.              | 155 Young Wild West's Gold Game; or, Arietta's Full Hand.                     |
| 123 Young Wild West Routing the Robbers; or, Saving Two Million Dollars.             | 156 Young Wild West's Cowboy Scrimmage; or, Cooking a Crowd of Crooks.        |
| 124 Young Wild West at Rattlesnake Run; or, Arietta's Deal with Death.               | 157 Young Wild West and the Arizona Athlete; or, The Duel that Lasted a Week. |
| 125 Young Wild West's Winning Streak; or, A Straight Trail to Tombstone.             | 158 Young Wild West and the Kansas Cowboys; or, Arietta's Clean Score.        |
| 126 Young Wild West's Lightning Lariat; or, Arietta and the Road Agents.             | 159 Young Wild West Doubling His Luck; or, The Mine that Made a Million.      |
| 127 Young Wild West's Red-Hot Ride; or, Pursued by Comanches.                        | 160 Young Wild West and the Loop of Death; or, Arietta's Gold Cache.          |
| 128 Young Wild West and the Blazed Trail; or, Arietta as a Scout.                    | 161 Young Wild West at Boiling Butte; or, Hop Wah and the High-binders.       |
| 129 Young Wild West's Four of a Kind; or, A Curious Combination.                     | 162 Young Wild West Paying the Pawnees; or, Arietta Held for Ransom.          |
| 130 Young Wild West Caught by the Crooks; or, Arietta on Hand.                       | 163 Young Wild West's Shooting Match; or, The "Show-Down" at Shasta.          |
| 131 Young Wild West and the Ten Terrors; or, The Doom of Dashing Dan.                | 164 Young Wild West at Death Divide; or, Arietta's Great Fight.               |
| 132 Young Wild West's Barrel of "Dust"; or, Arietta's Chance Shot.                   | 165 Young Wild West and the Scarlet Seven; or, Arietta's Daring Leap.         |
| 133 Young Wild West's Triple Claim; or, Simple Sam, the "Sundowner."                 | 166 Young Wild West's Mirror Shot; or, Rattling the Renegades.                |
| 134 Young Wild West's Curious Compact; or, Arietta as an Avenger.                    | 167 Young Wild West and the Greaser Gang; or, Arietta as a Spy.               |
| 135 Young Wild West's Wampum Belt; or, Under the Ban of the Utes.                    | 168 Young Wild West losing a Million; or, How Arietta Helped Him Out.         |
| 136 Young Wild West and the Rio Grande Rustlers; or, The Branding at Buckhorn Ranch. | 169 Young Wild West and the Railroad Robbers; or, Lively Work in Utah.        |
| 137 Young Wild West and the Line League; or, Arietta Among the Smugglers.            | 170 Young Wild West Corraling the Cow-Punchers; or, Arietta's Swim for Life.  |
| 138 Young Wild West's Silver Spurs; or, Fun at Fairplay Fair.                        | 171 Young Wild West "Facing the Music"; or, The Mistake the Lynchers Made.    |
| 139 Young Wild West Among the Blackfeet; or, Arietta as a Sorceress.                 | 172 Young Wild West and "Montana Mose"; or, Arietta's Messenger of Death.     |
| 140 Young Wild West on the Yellowstone; or, The Secret of the Hidden Cave.           |   |
| 141 Young Wild West's Deadly Aim; or, Arietta's Greatest Danger.                     |   |
| 142 Young Wild West at the "Jumping Off" Place; or, The Worst Camp in the West.      |   |
| 143 Young Wild West and the "Mixed-Up" Mine; or, Arietta a Winner.                   |   |
| 144 Young Wild West's Hundred Mile Race; or, Beating a Big Bunch.                    |   |
| 145 Young Wild West Daring the Danites; or, The Search for a Missing Girl.           |   |

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by  
**FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,** 24 Union Square, New York.

## IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail.

POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York. 190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

- |   |       |
|---|-------|
| ....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....          | ..... |
| .... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....           | ..... |
| .... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....    | ..... |
| .... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....             | ..... |
| .... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....             | ..... |
| .... " " FRANK MANLEY'S WEEKLY, Nos.....      | ..... |
| .... " " FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY, Nos.....    | ..... |
| .... " " THE YOUNG ATHLETE'S WEEKLY, Nos..... | ..... |
| .... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....        | ..... |

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....



# Fame and Fortune Weekly

**STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY**

By A SELF-MADE MAN

**32 Pages of Reading Matter                      : :                      Handsome Colored Covers**

---

**PRICE 5 CENTS A COPY**

---

**A New One Issued Every Friday**

This Weekly contains interesting stories of smart boys, who win fame and fortune by their ability to take advantage of passing opportunities. Some of these stories are founded on true incidents in the lives of our most successful self-made men, and show how a boy of pluck, perseverance and brains can become famous and wealthy. Every one of this series contains a good moral tone which makes "Fame and Fortune Weekly" a magazine for the home, although each number is replete with exciting adventures. The stories are the very best obtainable, the illustrations are by expert artists, and every effort is constantly being made to make it the best weekly on the news stands. Tell your friends about it.

ALREADY PUBLISHED.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1 A Lucky Deal; or, The Cutest Boy in Wall Street.             | 10 A Copper Harvest; or, The Boys Who Worked a Deserted Mine.  |
| 2 Born to Good Luck; or, The Boy Who Succeeded.                | 11 A Lucy Penny; or, The Fortunes of a Boston Boy.             |
| 3 A Corner in Corn; or, How a Chicago Boy Did the Trick        | 12 A Diamond in the Rough; or, A Brave Boys Start in Life.     |
| 4 A Game of Chance; or, The Boy Who Won Out.                   | 13 Baiting the Bears; or, The Nerviest Boy in Wall Street.     |
| 5 Hard to Beat; or, The Cleverest Boy in Wall Street.          | 14 A Gold Brick; or, The Boy Who Could Not be Downed.          |
| 6 Building a Railroad; or, The Young Contractors of Lake-view. | 15 A Streak of Luck; or, The Boy Who Feathered His Nest.       |
| 7 Winning His Way; or, The Youngest Editor in Green River.     | 16 A Good Thing; or, The Boy Who Made a Fortune.               |
| 8 The Wheel of Fortune; or, The Record of a Self-Made Boy.     | 17 King of the Market; or, The Youngest Trader in Wall Street. |
| 9 Nip and Tuck; or, The Young Brokers of Wall Street.          | 18 Pure Grit; or, One Boy in a Thousand.                       |

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by

**FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,                      24 Union Square, New York.**

---

## IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail.

**POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.**

.....

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York. ....190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....

.... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....

.... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....

.... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....

.... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....

.... " " FRANK MANLEY'S WEEKLY, Nos.....

.... " " FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY, Nos.....

.... " " THE YOUNG ATHLETE'S WEEKLY, Nos.....

.... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....